

V, 2, Mar 1, 5, Mar, July 134.

# MOVIE CLASSIC

APRIL

10  
¢

Joan Blondell

**Wallace Beery**

**Tells How It  
Feels To Be**

**"DEAD"**

**For An Hour**

**CLARA  
BOW'S**

**First Interview  
Since Her**

**MARRIAGE!**



PN 1993  
M 744

# How to Make Up Your Lips to Last 8 Hours or More



9 A. M.—You apply when you go out

5 P. M.—Eight hours later—lovely red lips!

*New 8-hour lip coloring discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof . . . . Wearproof . . . . Indelible . . . . Ends constant "making-up."*

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

## *Utterly NEW Principle*

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quicken loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

## *What to Ask For*

To obtain, ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Owing to tremendous demand the price is much less in this country. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick—lip and cheek rouge. Remember—Kissproof gives you imported lipstick quality without imported prices. Money cannot buy a finer lipstick.

NEW **Kissproof**  
*Indelible* LIPSTICK



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

ADMISSION  
Evening 85¢  
Matinee 50¢

Time for the movies—  
No time for her gums  
and she has "pink tooth brush!"

**Y**ou bet there's a big thrill in a swell movie! But if you want to live romance, as well as watch somebody else's romance, better spend a few seconds a day keeping your gums in condition!

You won't have an attractive smile for long unless your teeth stay sparkling white and sound. And that means you must keep your gums firm and healthy!

Your gums probably aren't firm and

healthy. Modern foods are too soft and creamy to stimulate your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy and sickly. Two to one they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

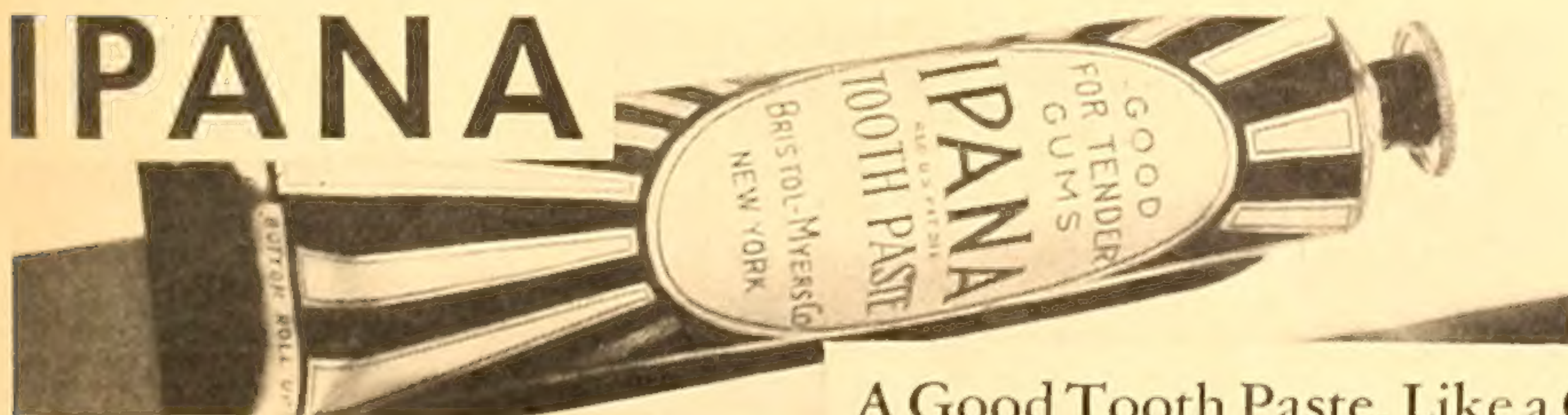
And when "pink tooth brush" arrives, take heed! For it's Nature's danger signal—a warning that more serious gum troubles are on the way. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea may be just around the cor-

ner. And you certainly don't want to take chances with the soundness of your white teeth! Yet that's another thing "pink tooth brush" warns you about!

You can improve the condition of those gums of yours if you'll use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage. Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, rub a little more Ipana right into your gums.

You'll soon notice a new sparkle in your teeth. Use Ipana with massage regularly, and you'll be able to forget "pink" on your tooth brush!

## IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. II-42  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

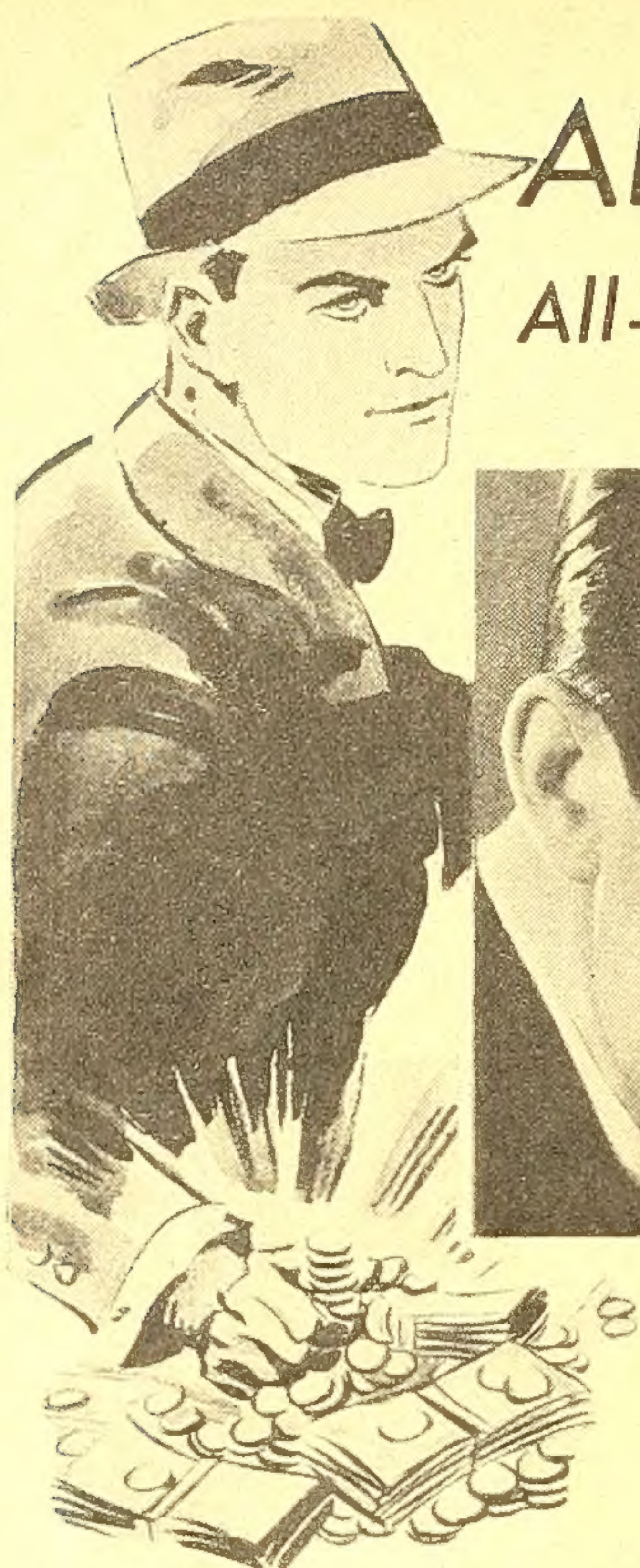
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

© 1932, B.-M. CO.

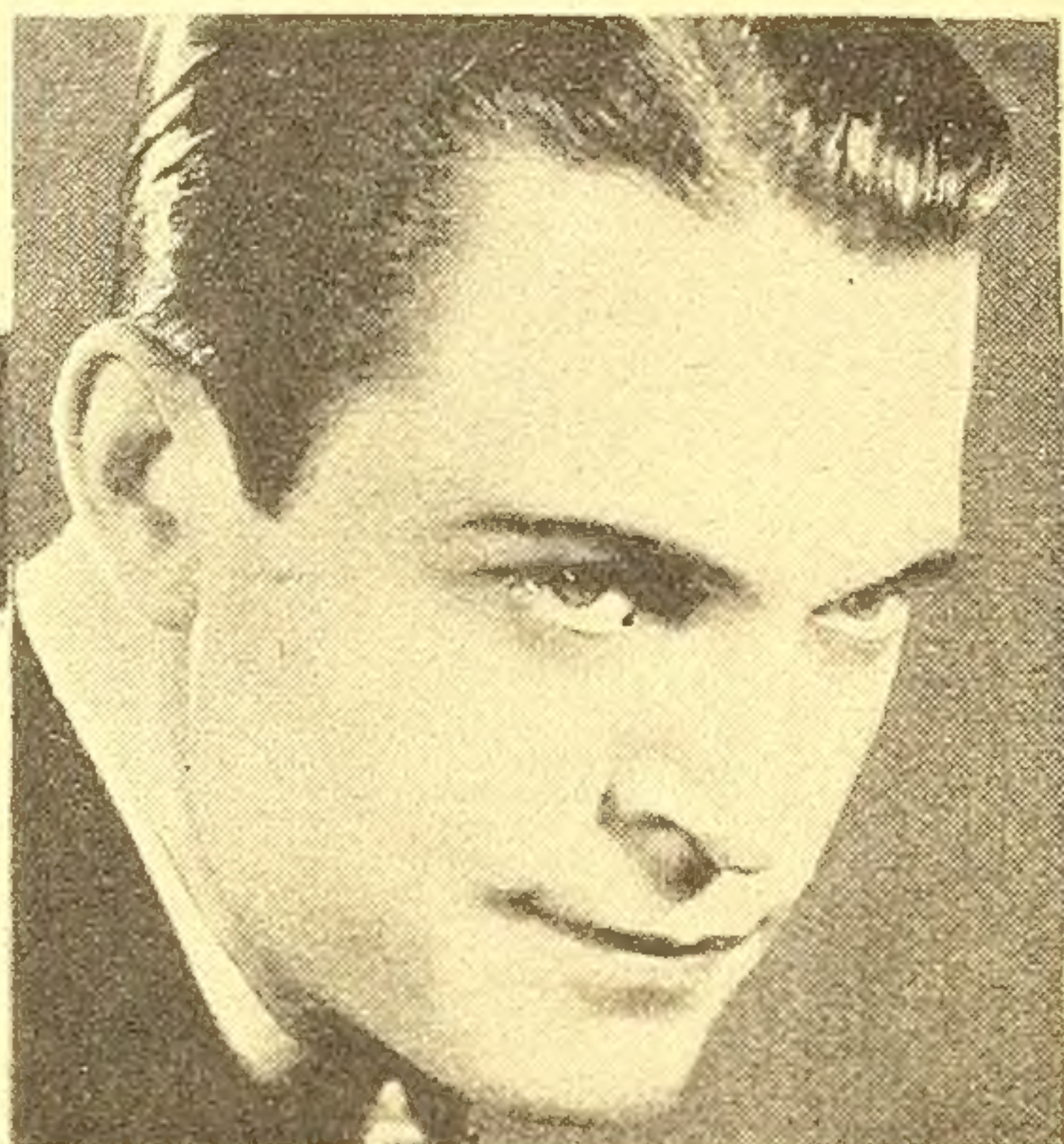
A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury





**All-New, All-Talking**

**All-Time Miracle of Entertainment!**



CHESTER MORRIS



SYLVIA SIDNEY



# THE MIRACLE MAN

**SYLVIA  
SIDNEY • CHESTER  
MORRIS**

The picture that swept the world—now an all-new, all-talking *masterpiece*! With a master cast! Sylvia Sidney, wistful, appealing dramatic diamond! Chester Morris, dynamic in the role that skyrocketed Thomas Meighan to fame! And Irving Pichel, John Wray, Robert Coogan, Hobart Bosworth! Will you rave about it? Naturally! It's a Paramount Picture, "*best show in town!*"

Directed by Norman McLeod. Adapted by Waldemar Young. From the story by Frank L. Packard and Robert H. Davis and the play by George M. Cohan.

**Paramount Pictures**

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.



JOHN WRAY



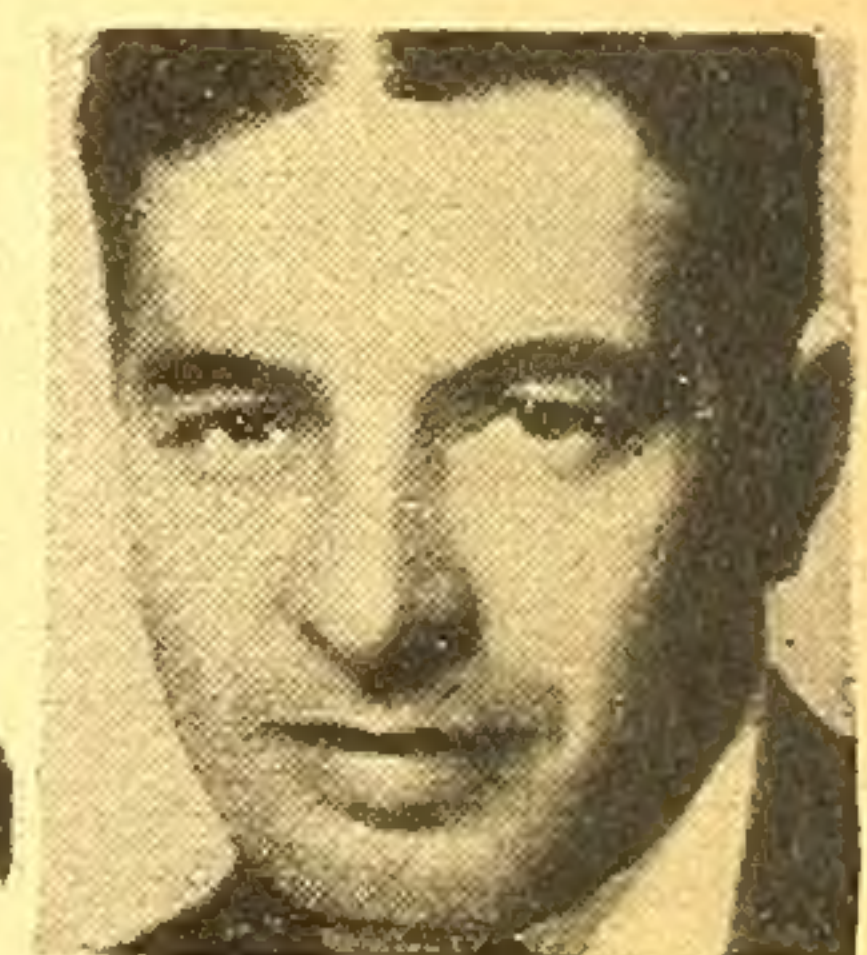
ROBERT COOGAN



HOBART BOSWORTH



IRVING PICHEL





# MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 2 No. 2

APRIL, 1932



## GABLE'S

Handwriting Analyzed  
by  
LOUISE RICE

Turn to page 51, and read what Clark Gable's handwriting reveals to Louise Rice, world-famous graphologist and author of many books on the science of reading character from handwriting. This is the first of an exclusive, not-to-be-missed series in Movie Classic.

You will also learn on page 51 how you may obtain a Louise Rice Grapho-scope, showing you a new way to read your own handwriting.

NEXT MONTH  
LOUISE RICE  
Will Analyze  
MARLENE DIETRICH'S  
Handwriting



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COVER DRAWING OF JOAN BLONDELL BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor

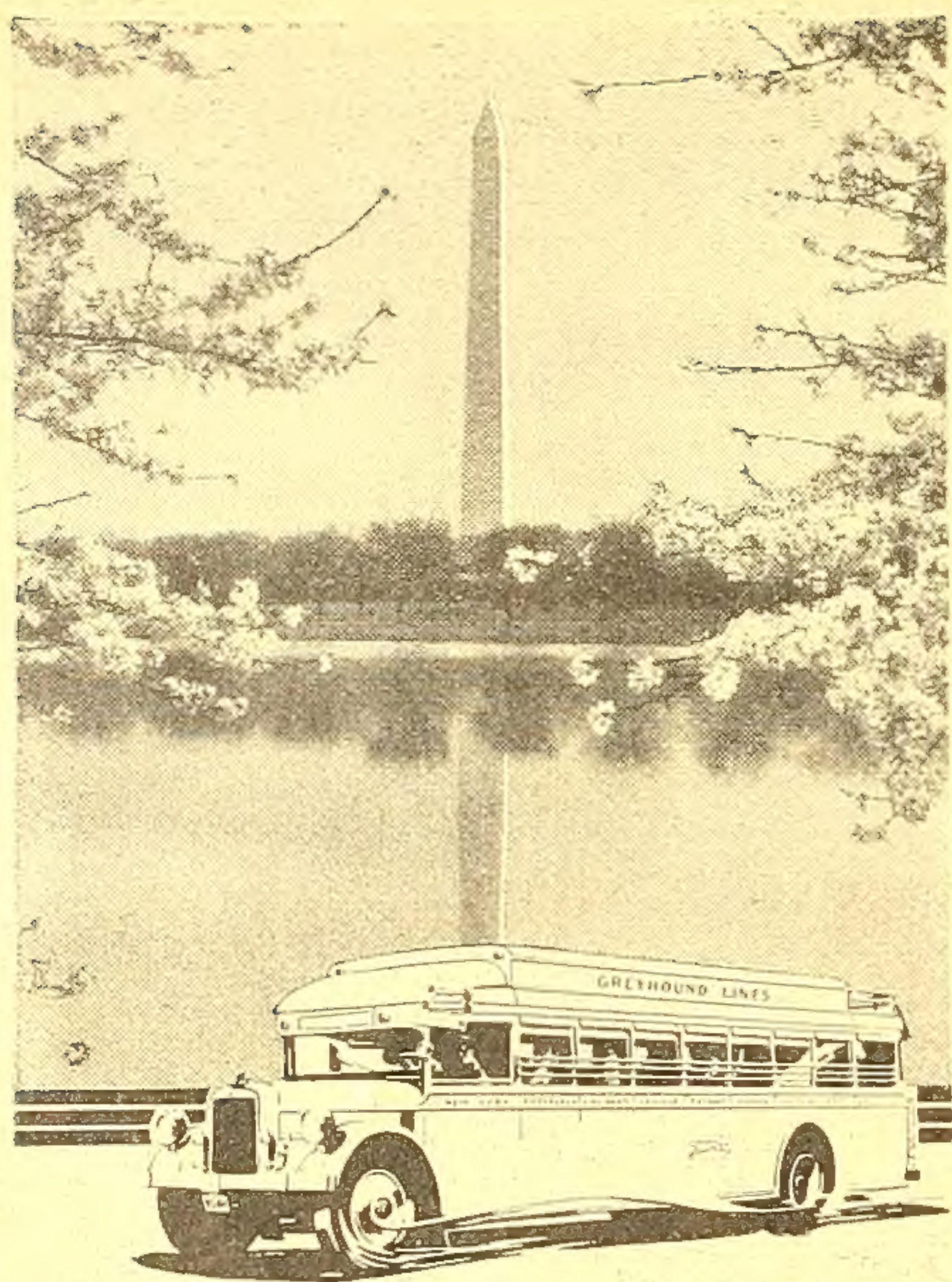
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MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month





## A Great Year to Travel!

**Greyhound's Nationwide Service Reduces Cost, Increases Pleasure**

**S**UCH WONDERFUL THINGS to see and do this year...so many wonderful places to go! Greyhound is the practical, inexpensive way to reach Washington for the Bicentennial celebration... Los Angeles for the Olympic Games...and so on, right down the list of historic and interesting places, National parks, resorts, great cities.

These modern buses, with their adjustable reclining chairs, cradle springs, ample heat and ventilation, are best for short trips too... home for the weekend, or to neighboring cities.

Send the coupon *today* for interesting pictorial folders on any trip you may plan.

**These are the Greyhound Lines:**

CENTRAL-GREYHOUND  
PENNSYLVANIA-GREYHOUND  
PACIFIC-GREYHOUND  
PICKWICK-GREYHOUND  
NORTHLAND-GREYHOUND  
SOUTHLAND-GREYHOUND  
ATLANTIC-GREYHOUND  
SOUTHEASTERN-GREYHOUND  
DIXIE-GREYHOUND  
EASTERN-GREYHOUND  
CAPITOL-GREYHOUND  
RICHMOND-GREYHOUND  
CANADIAN-GREYHOUND

# GREYHOUND

*Lines*

Greyhound Travel Bureau, East 11th and Walnut, Cleveland, Ohio: Please mail me your 32 page pictorial booklet "America's Scenic Highways". I would also like information on a

trip to \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ MC4

# BETWEEN OURSELVES

**Y**OU and I consider ourselves educated moviegoers. We know what we like and what we don't like, and we aren't afraid to say so. We laugh, for instance, at the blood-and-thunder serials that used to thrill us when we were in the fifth grade—and then we knock each other down, trying to be the first to see the newest horror specials (such as "Frankenstein" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue"), which are just great big brothers to the old-time serials!

**A**ND speaking of screen chillers, if you don't get a shudder or two or three out of "Freaks," you're a stronger man than I am, Gunga Din. So far as I'm concerned, this is the horror picture to end all horror pictures. I'm swearing off!

**C**ONGRATULATIONS are in order for Columbia—the first studio to look upon this matter of stars in a sane manner. Columbia's idea is to have the stars glorify the pictures, rather than to have the pictures inflate the stars. And how will they accomplish this? First of all, they will stop giving long-term contracts—which often convince good-looking youngsters that they have talent, when all they have, to be frank, is looks.

Columbia will no longer get stories to fit certain stars, but get players to fit their stories. They will engage them only for the duration of the picture. But how will the poor players manage to afford ermine coats and swanky limousines under this system? The principal players will receive not only salaries while acting, but also royalties from the box-office returns on the picture—the theory being that, the better their acting, the more money the picture will make. It sounds logical, and I'm anxious to see the idea in action. How about yourself?

**C**ONGRATULATIONS are also in order for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the first studio to have the courage to present a picture featuring a genuine all-star cast. Those words, "all-star cast," have long been overworked, until they mean almost nothing. But in "Grand Hotel," you will see Garbo (who discards the Greta, by the way, with this picture), John and Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery and Jean Hersholt—the greatest cast ever assembled in one film. It took nerve to try the experiment. For, afterward, will you and I be content to see pictures that boast only one or two stars?

But maybe the producers won't be stingy. Remember that M-G-M not many months ago tried the experiment of co-starring several of their big names—and now all the studios are doing it.

**W**HEN Charlie Chaplin finished "City Lights," he closed down his studio, keeping only a few (three or four) employees at work. Harold Lloyd has not made a picture in months, yet his large staff of studio workers are still on the payroll, not looking for jobs. He's a real sport!

**D**O producers really rate the intelligence of moviegoers like this? The title of "The Man I Killed" was changed to "Broken Lullaby," lest you should think it was another gangster opus. The title of "The Honorable Mr. Wong" was changed to "The Hatchet Man," lest the "honorable" should make you think Somebody approved of Edward G. Robinson's hatchet-slinging. The title of "Old Man Minick" was changed to "The Expert," lest you should not remember that Chic Sale once wrote a best-seller called "The Specialist"—even though Edna Ferber's story was hardly based on that.

**C**LIVE BROOK says, rightly, that producers don't profit by their mistakes. As soon as a picture is finished, they forget about it—except to note whether or not it is making money. They don't try to discover *why* it is or isn't. But Clive studies the reaction to his pictures. That's how he has improved himself. If only there were more like him!

**A**CCORDING to *Variety*, the Bible of show business, several screen magazines have lately been cutting down their budgets by running "interviews" written by the stars' press-agents. Just as a matter of record, I want to state that MOVIE CLASSIC is not guilty—and never will be. I hope you will take note of the number of journalistic "scoops" in this issue—running all the way from "Clara Bow's First Interview Since Her Marriage" to Louise Rice's analysis of the character of Clark Gable from his handwriting, the first of a brand-new series.

*Larry Reid*



The poster features a large circular frame in the center containing a romantic close-up of a man and a woman about to kiss. The woman has a flower in her hair. Surrounding this central image are smaller, semi-circular vignettes showing other scenes from the film: a woman's face at the top left, a man and woman looking on at the top left, a man and woman looking up at the bottom left, and a man's face at the bottom left.

SPENDTHRIFTS OF LOVE!

Modern youth,  
laughing at yes-  
terday's conven-  
tions, promising to  
pay for today's  
kisses...after tomor-  
row. The gay partner-  
ship of a boy and girl  
who found it easier to make  
love than to make money.

# AFTER TOMORROW

with CHARLES FARRELL

MARIAN NIXON • MINNA GOMBELL

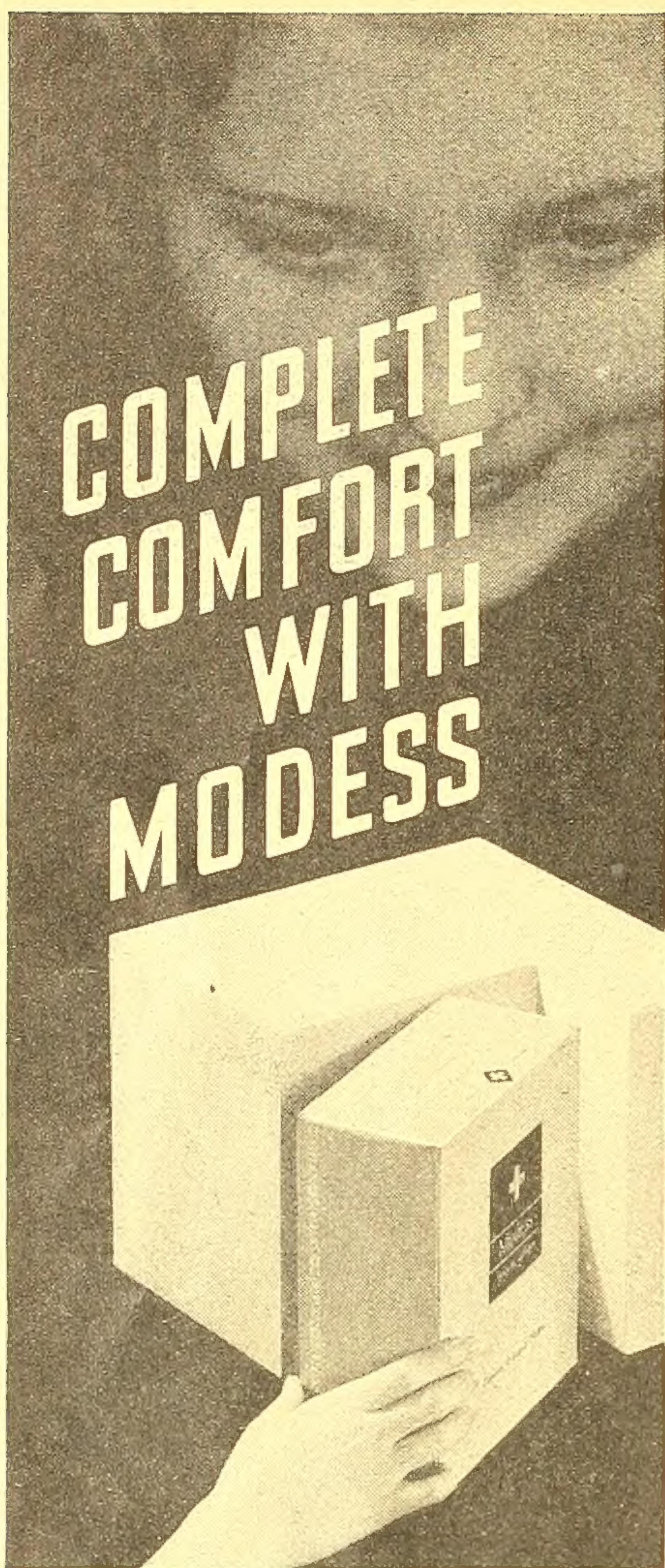
WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.

Based on the stage play by  
John Golden and Hugh S. Stange

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

FOX Picture





## AT A NEW LOW PRICE

**W**HY risk discomfort for the fifty trying days of the year? The easy comfort of softly fluffed Modess makes these difficult days more endurable—happier. Its safety backing saves you from fear of embarrassment.

Johnson & Johnson have reduced the price of Modess. It is the same quality—nothing changed but the price. And the price is most decidedly in your favor.

Try Modess. If it isn't completely satisfactory, write your name, address, and the price paid, on cover of box, and mail to us. We will refund your money.

Johnson & Johnson  
NEW BRUNSWICK N. J. U. S. A.

**Modess**  
SANITARY NAPKINS

# Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, *Movie Classic* gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page.

## The \$20.00 Letter Don't Spoil the Beautiful Memories

A FEW blasts from a horn may make all old pictures like "Ben-Hur" and "The Birth of a Nation" Sound Productions, so far as the distributor's racket is concerned, but to this Movie Fan they're not howling successes.

Truly, advance publicity promised sound entertainment, coaxing the unsuspecting screenward, where a few moments of the programme fired one with a desire for "Flit," so that a person could put an end to the agony of these human flutter-jerking insects, who jumped about on a background of passé, antediluvian photography.

If the producers have neither the inclination, strength or money to re-take and make talkies of these famous stories of yesterday, why untomb their now-faded glory and ruin the beautiful memory of Picture World Masterpieces? **JEAN MCMICHAEL,**  
Toronto, Can.

~ ~ ~

## The \$10.00 Letter Give "Younger Generation" A Break

**M**OVING PICTURE producers are firmly convinced that high-school youth is speeding down the primrose path to quick disaster! No? Then I wish some observing company would produce a film depicting the much-maligned "younger generation" in a mode of life not entirely devoted to gin-swigging, petting, and kindred pleasures.

Perhaps the all-powerful box-office demands the sensational and lurid, but I cannot imagine "Skippy" as an incipient Capone, nor "Sooky" as a future anarchist; yet strangely enough, these two pictures seem to have attracted unusual patronage. Is it too impossible, then, to create a story concerning the adventures of seventeen- and eighteen-year-old adolescents, and have them act as *Skippy* or *Sooky* would at that age?

It may be that the normal teen age holds little of interest for a blasé public, but is the fault with us? We stand on the threshold of life, and our problems are not the morbid affairs certain pictures would lead us to believe.

We in high-school, you must remember, are trying to establish our identity as persons, and we would appreciate the intelligent aid the cinema could render us.

**GUYE THOMAS,** Yakima, Wash.

~ ~ ~

## The \$5.00 Letter Bring Back Costume Romances

**N**OW that we've had a series of war pictures—news-paper melodramas—covered wagon struggles and the perennial Crawford-Shearer "more-sinned-against-than-sinning" modern maiden presentations, it seems that a series

of period costume pictures would be most diverting and entertaining.

Would that we could see and hear John Barrymore in "Don Juan"—Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was In Flower"—Dennis King in "Three Musketeers"!!

History has so many exciting subjects to offer—and there are many romanticists who would welcome such productions.

Take us back to our knights in armor—to exciting sword's-play for the princesses in lovely towers. **G. C. HONK,** Carey, O.

~ ~ ~

## Movies For Taut Nerves

**N**EVER have the movies had a more salutary effect than in this time of almost universal depression. While nerves are taut with the stress of ghastly financial affairs, there is nothing like the splendid dramatic productions to alleviate the strain. And as if the powers of the movie world realized this, they are giving us such singularly worthwhile pictures as "Arrowsmith," "Mata Hari," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." Who can see the priceless Marie Dressler in "Emma" and go away still self-centered, calling the world a total loss? We who have suffered and been crushed by new and unexpected burdens need something outside of ourselves to grip us completely.

The movies are a hypodermic, bringing blessed interludes of forgetfulness. Yea, they are more than that—they are a world tonic, injecting new life and belief, restoring mental equilibrium, bringing broader outlooks and a strange comforting peace.

**JACK PORTER,** San Pedro, Cal.

~ ~ ~

## A More Appropriate Title

**A**FTER having seen the great Garbo in "Susan Lenox," I came to the conclusion that the author gave that person, in the vernacular of the street, a "dirty deal."

In my opinion, a title more appropriate than the present one would be "SHE Who Gets Slapped," for slapped she was from the time she was "slapped into the world," as it were, by the doctor who presided at her birth, down through her pitiful and sordid existence, right to the last chapter.

**MIRIAM AVERBACH,** Youngstown, O.

~ ~ ~

## Comedies Being Neglected

**W**HEN will the producers wake up and give us some real belly-rollicking comedies? The Talkies have swept the directors off their feet. They think it more important to have voice perfection than accomplished acting. For a change, we movie fans would like comedies that would roll us off our seats.

The effectiveness of modern comedy is lost through the neglect of pantomime. Wise-cracking in the movies is greatly overdone. It isn't funny to sit and listen to your neighbor's laughter at a movie when the voices on the screen are inaudible. **BOB MOORE,** Newberg, Ore.

## Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through *MOVIE CLASSIC*—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, *MOVIE CLASSIC*, 1501 Broadway, New York City.





# Her teeth too precious to risk with any tooth paste but the *softest*

*Baby teeth are given new protection by a new discovery . . . a cleansing material has been developed that's twice as soft as those in common use*

**C**HILDREN'S teeth are softer and more porous than adults'. Being softer, they are more easily injured by harsh tooth pastes. Those designed only for older, harder teeth are apt to be much too abrasive for tender, soft enamel.

Recently Pepsodent laboratories have developed a new and entirely different cleansing material. Baby teeth brushed by it thousands of times and examined under a powerful microscope fail to show the faintest scratch—only a soft, lustrous glow like a precious jewel with film stains completely erased.

The adoption of this new discovery in Pepsodent affords greater protection to children's teeth—it provides an absolutely safe way of removing film.

## *Care of Baby Teeth*

You must remove film from children's teeth, as well as your own, twice every

day. FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from foods and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is vitally important.

Some tooth pastes remove film but leave microscopic scratches. Others are safe but fail to remove film satisfactorily. But Pepsodent—through its notable new discovery—combines film-removing power with *super-safety*.

The new cleansing and polishing material is twice as soft as that in common use. It brings extra safety to your children's teeth and yours . . . Remember, too, this new material stands unsurpassed in removing stubborn film. It gives more brilliant polish to enamel. Pepsodent is the outstanding tooth paste of modern chemistry.

## 1. Remove film —

*use Pepsodent tooth paste every morning and every night.*

## 2. Eat these foods —

*One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.*



## 3. See your Dentist—

*Adults at least twice a year—children every 3 months and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.*



*Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.*

**USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR**





*Let your eyes  
speak the full  
measure of  
their beauty*

BY THE SIMPLE MAGIC OF  
THE *New* NON-SMARTING,  
TEAR-PROOF Maybelline

Gay, flashing glances! Who can resist their charm? What a world of meaning the eyes can express—but not with light, scanty eyelashes! Awake the dormant beauty of your expression—a few, simple brush strokes of the *new* Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms thin, scraggly lashes into the appearance of long, lustrous, dark and curling fringe.

Best of all—the *new* Maybelline is absolutely harmless, and it's actually good for the lashes; keeps them soft and pliable. You'll be amazed at the magic of the *new* Maybelline—Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

*For 10c and coupon below we  
will send special Purse  
Size for trial*

The *NEW*

*Maybelline*  
EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

*Clip* —FOR PURSE SIZE 24-4

MAYBELLINE CO.,  
5900 Ridge Ave., Chicago.

10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the  
new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....



In "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," Madge Evans was one of a trio of blonde charmers—and in "Are You Listening?" the same thing happens, except that she's the principal one this time. Her sisters in the J. P. McEvoy radio comedy starring William Haines are Anita Page (left) and Joan Marsh

## TIPPING YOU OFF

Little Low-Downs On The Stars

By J. E. R.

**J**OHN BARRYMORE beat Walter Winchell to it by announcing that the Barrymore-Dolores Costello "blessed event" will take place in May. John hopes for a son. . . . Garbo wanted a psychic to tell her about the Garbo future, but when the soothsayer said she'd do it, if they had press pictures taken together, the smart Swede changed her mind. . . . Now that Miriam Hopkins is living in Garbo's former shelter (Greta has moved up the street), the house is seeing some parties—and gay ones, at that. . . . Beginning with "Grand Hotel," the silent Scandinavian will be billed as just plain Garbo.

Remember Carman Barnes, the girl-author who was signed for stardom by Paramount and never made a picture? She's trying to content herself with a small salary on the New York stage. . . . Linda Watkins isn't any happier to be newly married (to Gabriel Hess, New York lawyer), than she is to get away from Hollywood, which Made Her Unhappy. . . . One of the few bidders for the Navy's older airship, the *Los Angeles*, is Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels," who wants it for a picture. . . . Pola Negri, who really isn't well enough yet to be making those personal appearances, told Chicago interviewers that she was going to marry a Windy City lad—but wouldn't tell his name. Aw, Pola! . . .

Mae Marsh, one of the great favorites of silent days, who made a comeback in "Over the Hill," has already gone back to the home-life and the children. . . . Mary Duncan has had her marriage to Lewis Wood, Jr., quietly annulled already, the romance having curdled after the first few days. . . . Harry Langdon is all set for a comeback, making his own comedies in the East, far from the Hollywood that took him for such a sleigh ride. . . . In spite of the "unsafe-for-white-women" bulletins about Hawaii, Dolores Del Rio and company are making "Bird of Paradise" there. . . .

Peggy von Eltz, former actress-wife of Theodore von Eltz, actor, has just married Joseph Moncure March, writer. Flaunting convention, they first tried a "test marriage"—for Peggy wanted to be sure this time. . . . M-G-M didn't care for the first name of Nora Gregor, their new foreign discovery, so you'll see her as Eleonora Gregor. . . . Irving Pichel is voice-training RKO's new "find," Gwili Andre (there's a name for you!), by having her read aloud from the Good Book. . . . The only American stars capable of making French versions of films are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Ruth Chatterton; they're about to do one together.

Director Ernst Lubitsch and actress Ona Munson have suffered a severe chill and called off those nuptials. . . . When Richard Dix and his bride recently spent a three-week delayed honeymoon in New York, Rich didn't tell even his press-agent where they were staying. . . . When Nancy Carroll recently canceled a personal appearance engagement at the New York Paramount, stork rumors flew about. She and husband Bolton Mallory have just been taking a delayed honeymoon, themselves, in the Bahamas. . . . Universal, sponsor of three horror hits ("Dracula," "Frankenstein" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue") has three more on tap—"The Old Dark House" and "The Invisible Man" (both starring Boris Karloff) and "The Suicide Club" by Robert Louis Stevenson. . . .

Marlene Dietrich—and this is good news—has one more picture to go on her present contract, but has already signed to do three more. . . . Lita Grey Chaplin pains reporters by refusing to be interviewed except when stepping on or off choo-choos. . . . William Fox, no longer the head of the company that bears his name, isn't through yet. He claims to own two talkie patents which, he alleges, all picture companies have infringed, and is suing. If he wins, he'll be the wealthiest man in the movies. . . .



*Dramatic* **DYNAMITE!**



**Richard**  
**BARTHELMESS**  
*in* **"Alias the Doctor"**

*with*  
**MARIAN MARSH**

Vivid, dynamic drama

—of a man who LIVED A LIE to save another from disgrace

—of a woman who fettered his love, chained his passion, trampled his soul.

Dick Barthelmess at his unrivaled best in a role of tremendous sweep and power—the most dazzling performance of his career.

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

**A FIRST NATIONAL &  
VITAPHONE PICTURE**



# N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

## GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

THAT "Mata Hari" opening at Grauman's Chinese Theatre had the stellar ladies hauling their best bibs and tuckers out of the moth balls. It was a regular old-time première, and it didn't look much like depression. There were enough diamonds and ermine to make Peggy Hopkins Joyce writhe with envy.

Of course it didn't exactly keep people away from the theatre, outside and inside, to rumor that Garbo *might* attend. Only *might*, mind you. Even while the show was going on, the report spread like wildfire that Garbo was watching the film from the projection room. She wasn't in the projection room, or within miles of the theatre. Garbo wouldn't go to a première to see the Battle of Bull Run with the original cast.

ALL of our very best people, my dear, were out for the opening in full panoply. Doug and Mary were there. So were Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Few people saw them, but Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg were also among those present. They slipped in early, sat 'way up in front, and did not wear evening clothes. Tallulah Bankhead, plumper than ever before, was one of the swankiest femmes—all rigged up in black velvet and white fox. Her escort was Adrian, the M-G-M fashion authority.

ANOTHER exciting moment of the evening was the gentleman who looked exactly like Einstein—you know, the chap who has that theory which no one understands. Sid Grauman, forty publicity men, and three hundred unpaid, but willing workers, tried to coax him over to the microphone.

"Nein, nein," muttered the stranger, impatiently. And "nein" he remained. The staff felt better the next day when they found out whom he was—just a Hollywood tailor. There's some truth to the cinematic maxim—if you can't be somebody, try at least to look like somebody.

THE "Arrowsmith" opening the following week wasn't quite as mammoth an affair, but it was a pretty smart shindig, considering who attended. Mary Pickford, introduced by her husband, friend Doug, undertook to make a speech without walking to the stage.

It was fine for the people in the orchestra chairs, but the balcony customers were not in such a hot spot. Those in the front balcony seats arose to a man to get a better view of America's Sweetheart. Naturally the back-row public couldn't see a darned thing, and were pretty put out about it.

"Sit down, sit down!" they shouted, all through poor Mary's spiel. No one knew whether she was delivering *Hamlet's Soliloquy* or giving her recipe for piccalilli. Mary finished whatever it was. By golly, the show has got to go on, and the screen's first lady was not going to say "uncle."



Lola Lane—and isn't she a healthy specimen?—gets out in the desert sunshine at the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs, sporting an outfit by Evans of Beverly Hills. Lew Ayres, the hubby, must be around somewhere!

I'M not saying a word, I mind you, but Loretta Young is wearing a diamond as big as a searchlight on her business finger. She says she bought it herself, but pooh-pooh, Loretta is too pretty to buy her own rings.

Herbert Somborn is the lucky lad who is seen places with Loretta. Somborn is one of the ex-Mr. Gloria Swansons—number two down the line. He owns the Brown Derby restaurants, and there are four scattered around Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The romance has all been pretty secret. Loretta would arrive at one of the Derby eateries and dine with Somborn. Then, oh, awfully casually, she would say a formal "good night" and depart. Three minutes later Mr. Somborn, ditto casually, would also leave. And it didn't look as if he were going out to wait for a street-car, either.

A WELL-known Hollywood young lady was preparing to move from one house to another. She called

(Continued on page 72)



MOTHERED BY AN APE-HE KNEW  
ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE  
— *to seize what he wanted!*

# TARZAN THE APE MAN



with

Johnny  
**WEISSMULLER**  
Neil **HAMILTON**  
C. Aubrey **SMITH**  
Maureen  
**O'SULLIVAN**

Based upon the characters  
created by  
EDGAR RICE  
BURROUGHS



Adaptation by  
CYRIL HUME  
Dialogue by  
IVOR NOVELLO

**ANOTHER  
MIRACLE  
PICTURE**



directed by  
**W. S. VAN DYKE**  
Creator of "TRADER HORN"

## METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



Another  
radio sensation  
on the screen in  
EDUCATIONAL'S  
COMEDIES



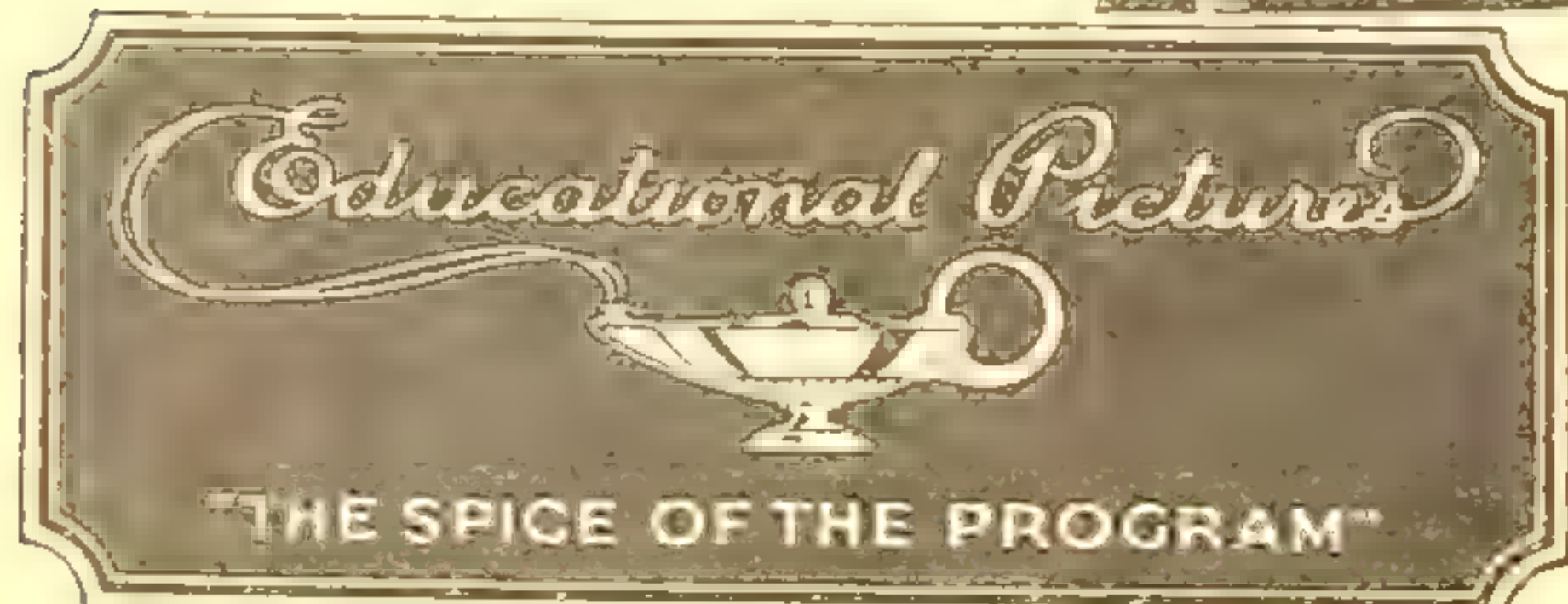
plays  
and sings  
his popular  
song hits in

## VANITY COMEDIES

Piano wizard—radio star—composer of "I Surrender Dear", "At Your Command", "It's Happened To Me" and many other song hits that the whole nation is singing—and now a delightful screen comedian whose gay antics are also a delicious treat. See Harry Barris and hear him play and sing in his first

### Al Christie Production "THAT RASCAL"

And watch for his other  
Vanity Comedies. There will  
be another one soon.



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.  
E. W. HAMMONS, President  
Executive Office: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

# HOLLYWOOD

## TICKER TALK

BY

MARK DOWLING



FIVE YEAR OLD SIDNEY CHAPLIN "I DON'T THINK MY FATHER IS SO

VERY FUNNY" ..... MARLENE DIETRICH "GERMANY IS NOT SATISFIED

WITH ME IN ENGLISH SPEAKING ROLES SO I AM RETURNING TO MY OWN

COUNTRY" ..... JETTA GOUDAL "ONCE I WAS TO PLAY MATA HARI"....

CREIGHTON CHENEY "PRODUCERS OFFERED ME CONTRACTS IF I'D CHANGE

MY NAME TO LON CHANEY JUNIOR BUT I REFUSED" ..... GRACE TIBBETT

"I'M NOT GOING TO MARRY AGAIN. LIFE WOULD BE DULL AFTER LAWRENCE.

BESIDES - GIVE UP ALIMONY FOR ANY MAN? NEVER!" ..... JUANITA

HANSEN "I'M GOING TO A PLASTIC SURGEON AND HAVE THESE SCARS

REMOVED. THEN I'LL MAKE A SCREEN COME BACK." ..... POLA NEGRI

"MY NEXT HUSBAND - I WON'T TELL HIS NAME - IS A CHICAGO MAN WHOM

EVERYONE LOOKS UP TO AND ADMIRES" ..... GRETA GARBO "-----

-----." MIRIAM HOPKINS "I CAN'T STAND HOLLYWOOD BECAUSE EVERYONE

TALKS SHOP HERE." ..... NEIL HAMILTON "I AM GOING TO ADOPT ANOTHER

CHILD THIS SPRING. NO CHILD SHOULD BE BROUGHT UP ALONE" .....

"Tom Brown is my real name, and I'm going to play the lead in 'Tom Brown of Culver.' That's the first time an actor has ever had his own name in the title of a picture. Isn't it swell?" demands the boyishly enthusiastic youngster who, at nineteen, is the latest discovery of Hollywood.

"I'm not exactly new to films, since I played the fresh kid in 'The Lady Lies,' with Claudette Colbert. Remember? . . . I've done bits in other pictures and I've been on Broadway, as the boy in 'Is Zat So,' with the Gleasons.

"They're about my best friends in pictures, but I've been working so hard since I've been here that I haven't had much time to go out. . . . I've been dancing at the Ambassador with Anita Louise and Rochelle Hudson—aren't they swell kids?" he cries again.

His voice shows long stage training—his mother and father are in vaudeville—and his manner is explosively boyish. He has dark brown hair, and flashing blue eyes. Is of medium height, and very husky

"I've done some boxing, but swimming's my favorite sport. It'll be swell fun this summer, going to the beach! I hope audiences like me—I want to stay in Hollywood forever!"



"If fans want to find out about my love affairs I'm afraid they'll be disappointed," says blue-eyed Tala Birell, Hollywood's latest importation. The lady comes from Vienna, has a charming medium pitched voice, and denies that she's trying to imitate Garbo even though she did quarrel with a woman

an interviewer who asked a too-personal question.

"I'm not going to marry until I find someone to live with for always," she adds. "I've seen too much of divorce through my friends. As for men, I like sportsmen best. I used to play tennis myself—five hours a day—until I began developing muscles that look awful with evening gowns!"

She's been in Hollywood since July learning English, and now speaks without noticeable accent. Quiet, aristocratic, she seems older than her twenty-three years, and is probably the only girl in Hollywood who likes Clark Gable because, "He is quiet and sits in a corner. He is charming!"

Her first picture, "Mountains in Flame," has just been completed. Next you'll see her in "The Marriage Interlude." Tala raps frantically on wood when she mentions it. "I must succeed!" And with that mischievous smile and the mysterious manner the public demands nowadays, she probably will.







# They Said I'd Never Have a Figure Like This!

by

ALICE RICHARDS



KNOW what it means to be overweight!—because for years I had the desperate fact of it hammered into me. Before I discovered this astonishing new way to get rid of fat, my few friends tried to be kind about it—but in their eyes I could see their pity, their secret satisfaction that *they* were slim and slender, instead of being like me.

## They Whispered About Me

Other women used to be catty. Not to my face, but some of it came back to me. It was always, "My dear, have you *seen* Alice in that red dress?" . . . or "Well Alice certainly looks her age these days, doesn't she?"

They thought I'd never have a presentable figure. I thought so too. I can laugh at them *now*, of course—but it was a tragedy to me *then*. Would I ever be any different? It looked hopeless. Stoutness "ran" in my family, I said to myself.

And I had tried everything . . . Dieting, until my nerves couldn't stand it any longer. Pills and Medicines, till my doctor made me stop them. I tried "Reducing Exercises"—but found them so tiresome, so much drudgery, that I just couldn't stick to them!

## I Was Desperate

I looked years older than I really was. I felt sluggish, tired all the time. I simply *had* to get slender—some way, *any* way.

And then . . . I discovered the FLEXROLL! It was so EASY; it "worked" so beautifully—so PLEASANTLY—that I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry! That sickening worry; those remarks; the bitterness and unhappiness I had suffered . . . I was free of them all at last, *for life!*

## The Easiest Way to Reduce

I had tried the *old* kind of exercising, of course. But this was NEW! There wasn't any drudgery about *this!* I liked it and I used to jump upon the seat for a five-minute "row" the first thing in the morning—and then sometimes in the evening just before going to bed. It put just the right "sport" into exercise—and took the tiresome "work" out! It transformed my figure, health, and strength too.

The pounds began to leave and the strength and health of my youth began to return. The bulges of fat started to vanish from my hips, thighs, and waistline. Then my arms and legs began to taper down to normal, through following the pictured *Health Chart* that came with my *Flexroll* machine.

I began to feel "peppy", tireless. People seemed to take a new interest in me—just as they *always* do when a person takes a new interest in *herself!* And I'm beginning to become popular. Even my whole attitude to life itself changed, when I began to wear the clothes I'd often longed for, so deep in my heart.

Gee, it's great to be slender again!



The Flexroll Rowing Machine now makes it possible for every woman, every man, every family to get in shape and KEEP in shape. No longer is there any excuse for being overweight, run-down, tired-out, nervous, ailing. ROWING—the

thrilling game that the FLEXROLL gives you right in the quiet privacy of your own bedroom—has proved a blessing to thousands of others inclined to stoutness.

Every life insurance company, every physician, recognizes the dangers of excess fat. You yourself know that it affects the heart, digestion, liver, kidneys. And that tired feeling, nervousness, constipation and a host of other ills may be blamed to lack of proper exercise. But who wants to go through the nightmare of strenuous dieting or the back-breaking drudgery of ordinary exercise? No wonder you've kept putting it off.

Now that's all changed! You'll LIKE to play—yes, PLAY!—on the FLEXROLL. To prove it, let us put it right in your bedroom for a week's TRIAL! Examine and try it without risking a cent! See for yourself! . . . minutes daily ROWING with FLEXROLL ROWING MACHINE is the most PLEASANT, EFFECTIVE exercise ever invented—a Joy-Ride to the health and figure of YOUTH! If you are NOT delighted, the week's trial costs you nothing.

## Examine the Flexroll FREE

Merely mail the coupon. It is not necessary to send money in advance unless you care to do so. When the Express Company delivers the FLEXROLL, you have it for a week examining it. Note its strength. Note how the seat glides. Try the tension of the springs. See how beautiful the FLEXROLL is in appearance. Then pay delivery charges and DEPOSIT the purchase price (only \$7.95) WITH THE EXPRESS COMPANY. They are instructed to hold your deposit for 6 days, subject to your command. If within 6 days you are dissatisfied with it for ANY REASON (or for no reason at all) simply telephone the Express Company and they will call for the FLEXROLL and refund your money. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL ON YOU. You do not need to write US for a refund. We do not receive a penny unless you are satisfied. What could be more? With your FLEXROLL, we will send a complete chart of interesting and enjoyable exercises. Act NOW. Address: The Steelflex Corporation of America, Dept. 134 1785 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

## FREE EXAMINATION COUPON—MAIL NOW!

THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA  
Dept. 134 1785 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me a FLEXROLL ROWING MACHINE, delivery charges collect. I am to have the privilege of FREE EXAMINATION upon arrival. If pleased with its appearance I will deposit the purchase price (\$7.95) with the Express Company, to be held by them for 6 days pending my final decision after trying the FLEXROLL. If I do not notify the Express Company to return my money and return your rowing machine, they are to remit to you. It is understood there are no further payments of any kind.

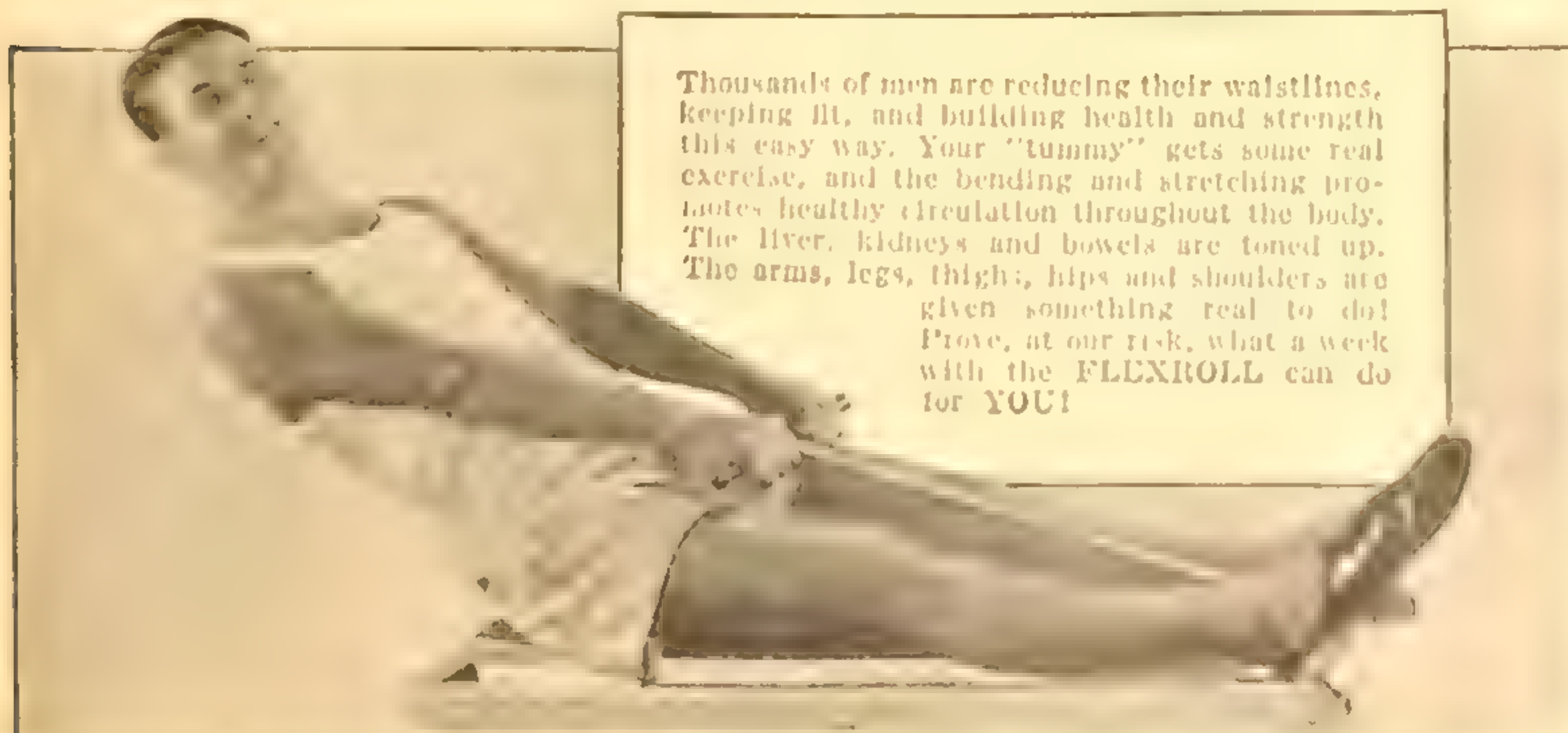
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☐ NOTE: Our finest rowing machine, the ROWFLEX HEALTH GLIDER, has aluminum Yacht shaped prow and other superior appointments. If desired, place X in square at left. Price \$11.85, and well worth it. Canadian and Foreign Prices on Request.

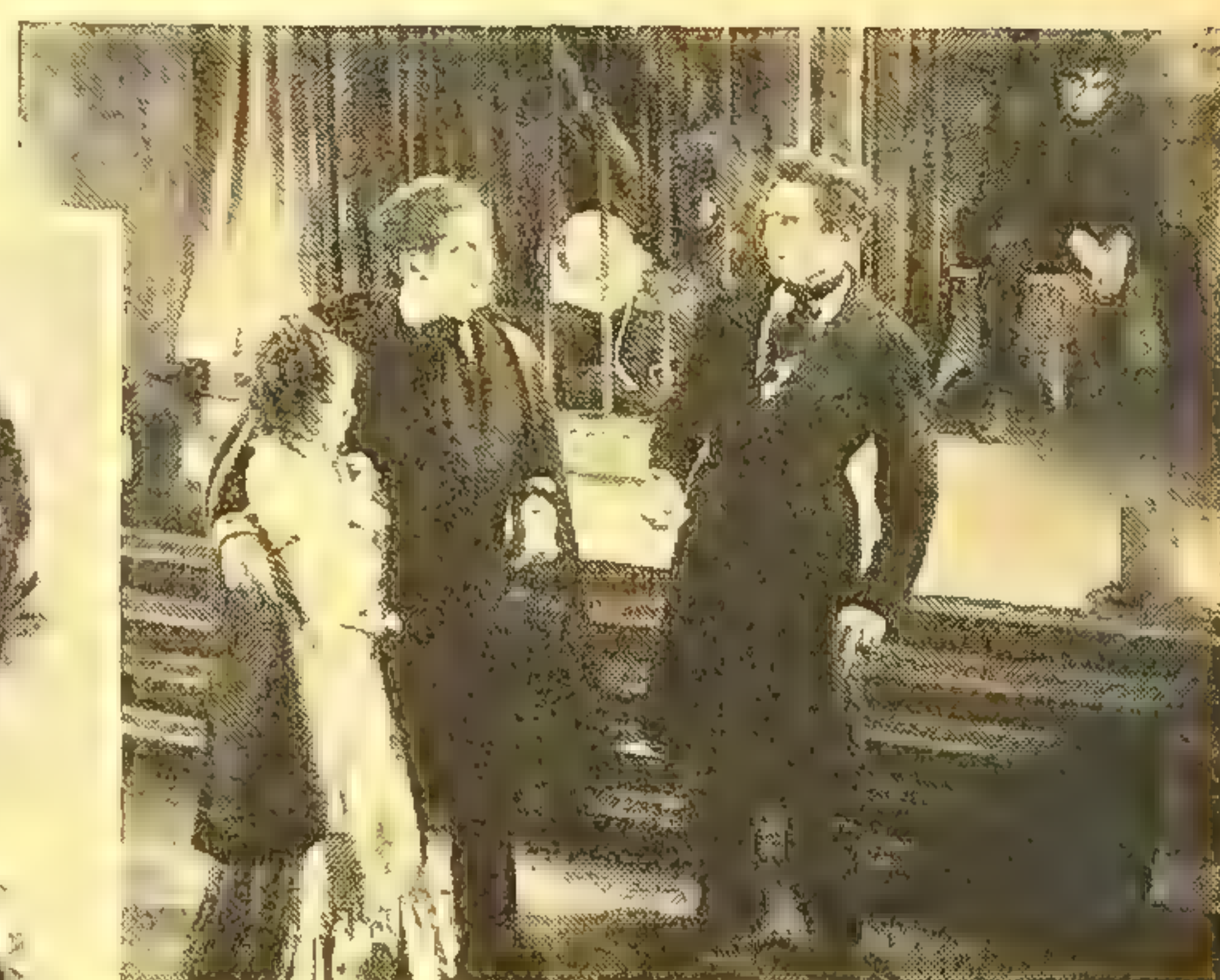
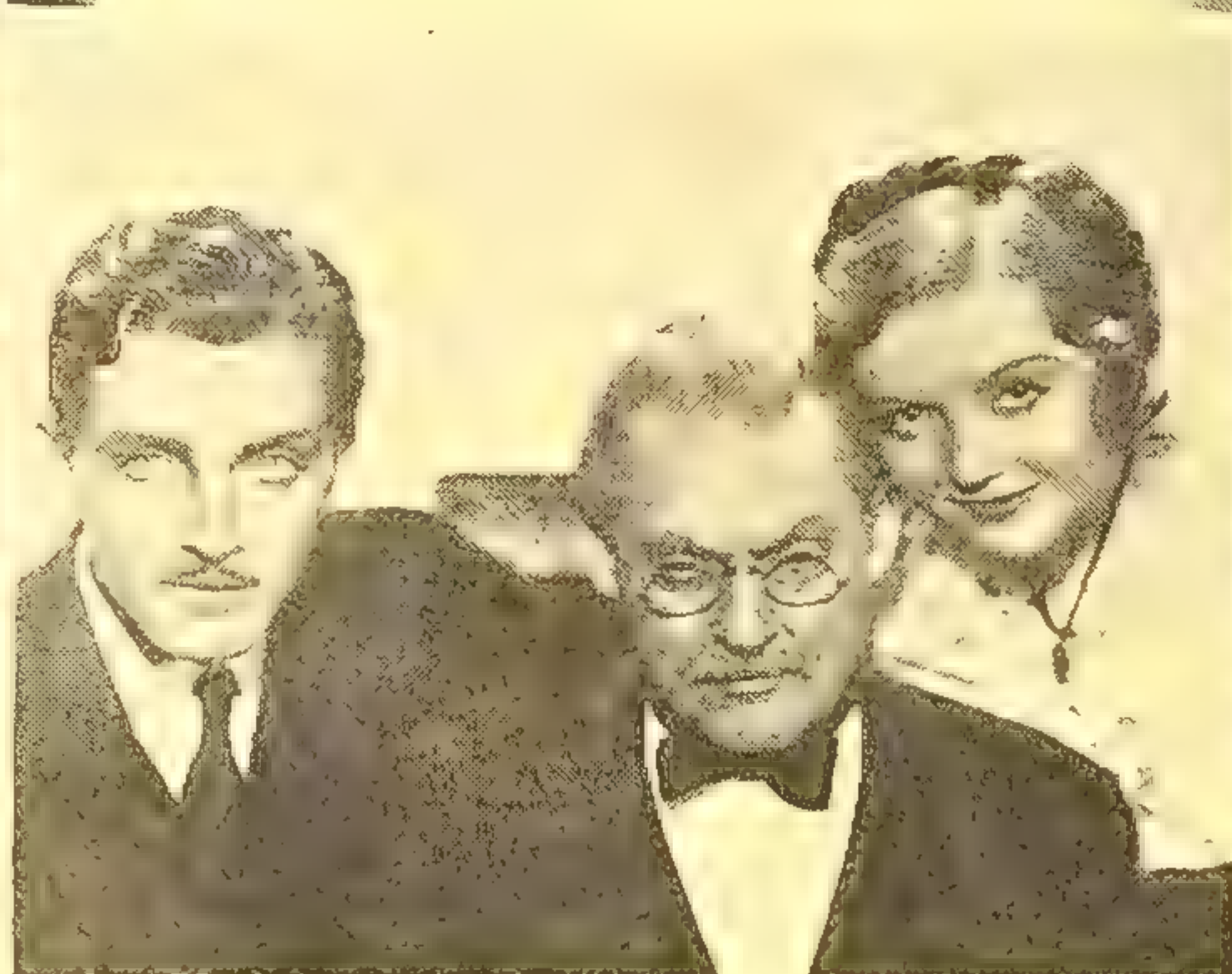


Thousands of men are reducing their waistlines, keeping fit, and building health and strength this easy way. Your "tummy" gets some real exercise, and the bending and stretching promotes healthy circulation throughout the body. The liver, kidneys and bowels are toned up. The arms, legs, thighs, hips and shoulders are given something real to do! Prove, at our risk, what a week with the FLEXROLL can do for YOU!



# TAKING IN THE TALKIES

## LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



**EMMA** I hate to contemplate what "Emma" would be without Marie Dressler—for she glorifies the picture, instead of the picture's glorifying her. In plot and dialogue, it has a flavor of good, old dependable hokum and an aroma of sentimentality. Marie's rôle is that of a robust, homely soul who has been housekeeper all her life to an inventor-widower (Jean Hersholt), raising his four children—only one of whom (Richard Cromwell) returns her love, particularly after she comes out of the scullery and becomes the inventor's wife. It has comedy, pathos, a good cast—but nothing out of the ordinary except Marie, who never had a better chance to prove that she can inject life into any kind of drama.

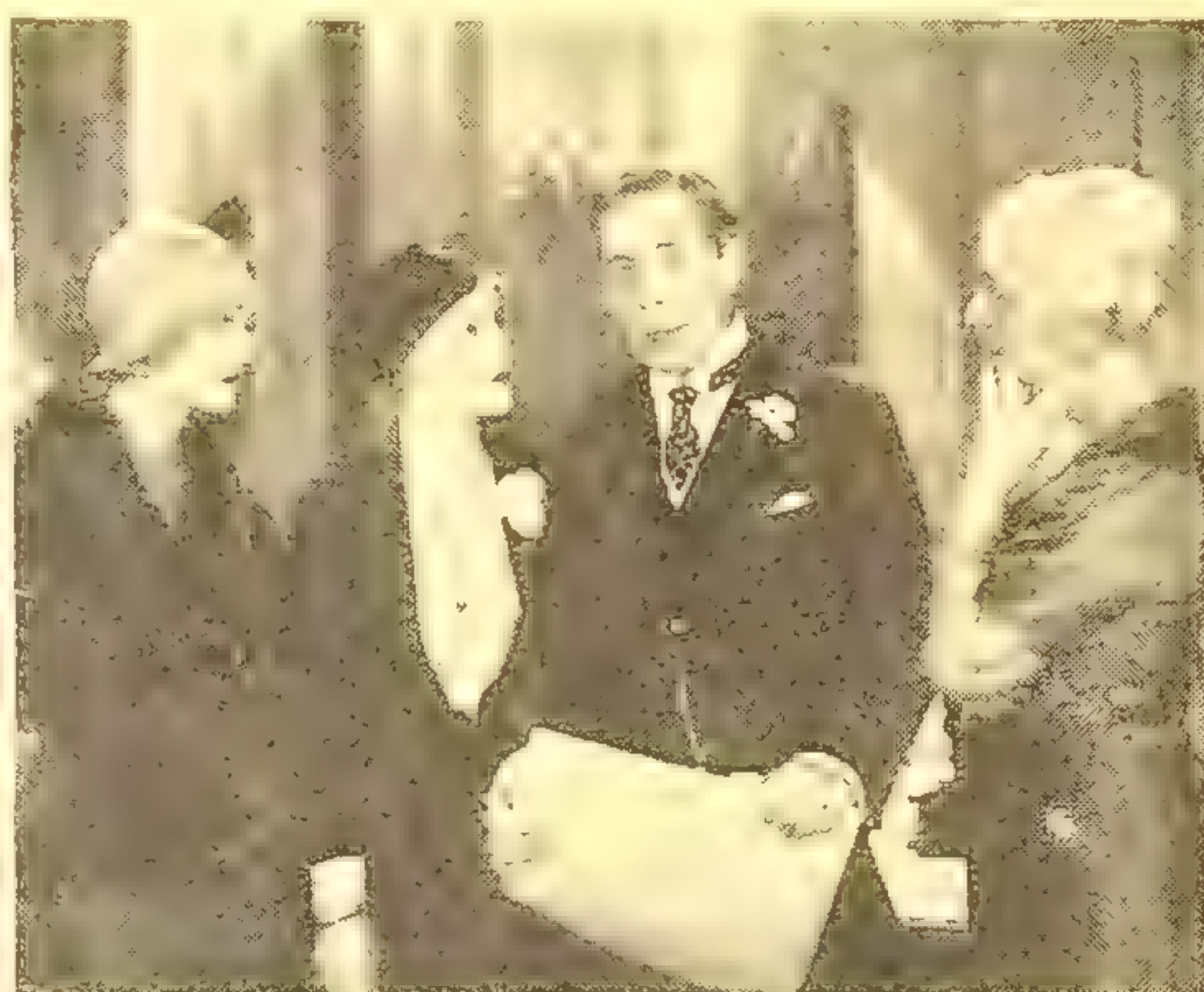
**BROKEN LULLABY** Except for the title, this is the same picture that was premièred as "The Man I Killed"—a title more to my liking. (I like my realism!) The theme is an enlargement of that old Civil War story of the Yankee who had to kill his Southern brother—with the war the Great War, the victim German, and his unwilling slayer (Phillips Holmes) French. Unable to conquer his remorse, he makes a pilgrimage to the German boy's home-town, and there comes to know the boy's father (Lionel Barrymore) and sweetheart (Nancy Carroll). Phil seems wooden in this rôle-of-a-lifetime, and Nancy's part isn't her type; but Lionel's acting and Lubitsch's direction gripped me.

**MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** You admirers of Poe are going to shudder with horror at this wild tale—not so much because of what happens therein, as because of what the script writers have done to Poe's original horror classic. About all that is left is the title. The owner of the gruesome ape is not a frightened sailor, but a newly-created and bloodthirsty *Dr. Mirakle*; the great detective, *Dupin*, is transformed into an amorous medical student; and *Mlle. L'Españaye*, who once met a fate as bad as death, is spared this time. In short, it's a synthetic thriller, and hardly an improvement upon Poe—boasting a cast headed by Bela Lugosi.

**SHANGHAI EXPRESS** They rushed the release of Marlene Dietrich's third American talkie, because that little fray over in China made the title timely. But they didn't release it any too soon for me—for these movie-weary eyes haven't looked upon any superlative womanly allure since Marlene made "Dis-honored." The scene, of course, is a train—racing through China; the two principal characters are a Shanghai waterfront lady and a British officer out of her past. Here is vivid melodrama—with the teeming, threatening Orient an exciting unusual setting. Clive Brook is Marlene's most sophisticated—and best—leading man to date.

**THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD** Besides one of the most intriguing titles ever tacked on a drama, I am happy to report that George Arliss' newest picture boasts a story that is novel, well told and sincerely acted—which is high praise from this ol' castiron typewriter. Arliss has the rôle of a world-famed pianist who finds adulation sweet, until an accident makes him deaf, casting him into an eternal stillness. (A great scene, this!) Embittered against God for his misfortune, he finds life a burden until he learns to read the lips of those who pass his window—and "plays God" to the unfortunate. Arliss puts you in *his* place. The cast is excellent.

**THE HATCHET MAN** Warner Brothers want to call Edward G. Robinson "the man of a thousand characters"—and if the man *must* be trademarked, this label suits me. There is no doubt that he can play any rôle they give him, including the Chinese. In his current vehicle he acts, with considerable effect, the part of a Chinese tong leader, whose emblem of office is a hatchet. Moreover, he has to use it, even on his best friends—for he respects the customs of old China, not the new American laws of Chinatown. In short, it is a new version of that story of the feud between the old ways and the new—with an ending that may knock you out of your seat. Lurid, but effective.





# LEW AYRES

*and*

**MAE  
CLARKE**

**“IMPATIENT  
MAIDEN”**

She couldn't wait for life to unfold its secrets. She was determined to dig them out for herself. My! How her eyes were opened when she met the real man.

Directed by  
**JAMES WHALE**

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**

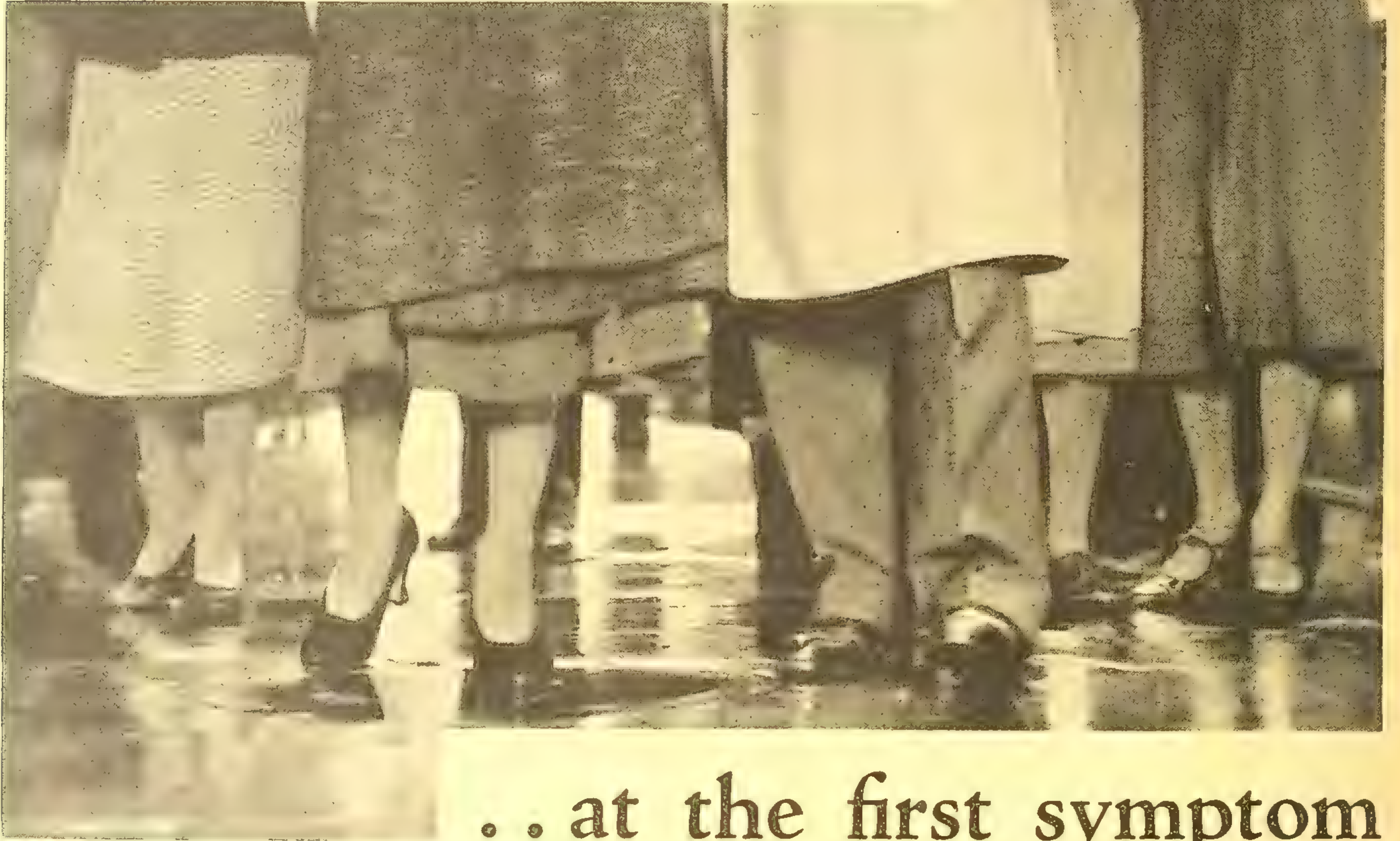
**CARL LAEMMLE • PRESIDENT**





# Sore Throat *and* Colds

## *Start This Way...*



... at the first symptom  
 ... gargle **Listerine** every 2 hours ...  
 quick relief

Colds that would ordinarily  
 last 9 days, vanish in 3

Look out for wet or cold feet, draughts, sudden changes of temperature; any undue exposure. All are contributing causes of the common cold and sore throat. Such exposure lowers resistance so that germ organisms in the mouth and nose get the upper hand. Illness follows. At the first sign of trouble, gargle with Listerine night and morning. Better still, every two hours.

Listerine reduces mouth bacteria 98% and allays pain and irritation. It's amazing how frequently this treatment will break up a cold.

Actual tests show that colds that would

ordinarily last nine or ten days, vanish in three or four. Colds, instead of being severe, are mild. Repeated tests on human beings have proved this again and again.

These tests also revealed that the regular twice-a-day Listerine gargle is a remarkable preventive of colds.

*Experiments show that non-Listerine-users contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled with Listerine twice a day. And the colds lasted three*

*times as long.*

Such brilliant results could not be expected from mouth washes so harsh they irritate tissue. Listerine's success is due to the fact that, while it kills germs, it is soothing and healing to tissue. Make a habit of using Listerine every day. It not only safeguards your health, but automatically makes your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable. It instantly ends halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

### Your guide in buying a mouth wash

The Lancet of London never bestows its commendation on a product without subjecting it to critical tests. And now this great medical authority attests the safety and germicidal power of Listerine. Remember that when you buy.

## FATAL TO GERMS YET SAFE



# MOVIE CLASSIC



There's no doubt that Blondell was a genuine talent. She had an impossible time with every director she met. She was a real find.

BY  
JAY BRIEN  
CHAPMAN

## Hollywood's Heroes Are Baffled by Joan Blondell

JOAN BLONDELL is too virtuous. The qualifying adjective "too" is Hollywood's, not Joan's. There are degrees of virtue in Film Town. But to Joan, being virtuous is like being dead: One is—or one isn't. Joan's definition goes, for this is her own story of her own virtue, which surely makes it a very personal matter!

It isn't Joan, herself, who claims she is too virtuous, either. It's masculine Hollywood, which has to see her and work around her day after day, that complains. And who could blame it? You hear the boys with vocabularies describing her as "impregnably virginal" or something like that. "Morally straight as a die" is another testimonial they dazedly give her.

There are facts about her career, however, that make these moral endorsements appear as teasingly paradoxical

as some of Ripley's best items in "Believe It Or Not."

Joan was born twenty-three years ago to a continuous life on the stage, beginning at the age of four. Her parents were "Ed Blondell and Company," and toured the world's variety houses. Her cradle was a wardrobe trunk. At fourteen she became the sex appeal in "the five jumpin' Blondells." At fifteen she ran away from one of her many schools and went to Australia on a cattle-boat. At sixteen she was left "stranded" by a wandering repertoire troupe, sick and penniless, in a Peking, China, hospital. At seventeen she was kidnaped from a different wandering troupe by a South American rancher whose advances she had rebuffed.

At eighteen—but why go on and on like that? Let's see what she's like, after living such a life!

*(Continued on 1)*



# CLARA BOW'S First Interview Since Her Marriage

How does the famous redhead look upon life and her future, now that she is the bride of Rex Bell? No one has known until now. This story is the first to reveal the new Clara—as she sees herself. It is one of the frankest, most human stories ever published!

This is more than the first interview that Clara Bow has given since her marriage—it is the first revelation of a new, happier Clara. A mystery has grown up around her because of her long silence. There have been rumors that she is still ill; that she has changed in appearance; that she is through with the screen. Now, the truth comes out—in this sincere, human and exclusive story that MOVIE CLASSIC is proud to give to you.—*Editor.*

**T**HE only definitely important thing that has ever happened to Clara Bow is her marriage to Rex Bell. She says this, herself. Pictures are make-believe. Fame passes. But marriage—her marriage—is something that will last.

"Rex Bell has given me the only unselfish devotion I've ever had," explains Clara simply.

The most arresting feature about Clara Bow to-day is not that vital fire which brought and kept a world at her feet, but a modest diamond-and-platinum wedding band that means entirely changed interests, new viewpoints, modified desires. The shining band is unobtrusive on that broad, competent hand of hers. But it is her talisman against verbal assault and vicious criticism; against her own great sensitiveness; against aloneness, friendlessness—and, yes—foolishness!

Clara, flaming-haired tinder for thousands of newspaper headlines,

is rediscovering in marriage those first illusions of her glamorous career. She has faith in other people again, for one thing; hope for tomorrow; self-confidence.

Her hair, which was blonde last summer, was again vividly auburn against the tapestry of the divan as she talked—for this, her first interview since her marriage. Her eyes held a curious wistfulness as she discussed marriage and the needs of a woman—and her own mistakes—appraising them, judging herself.

"Marriage has given me—myself! I am no longer afraid." Her voice had an intriguing sincerity as she continued—evaluating her own opinions and herself, as much as talking to another person. "The world saw me as a sort of—moll! What it didn't know was that the brazen hussy who cavorted around was sick to death of loneliness and fear and heartache.

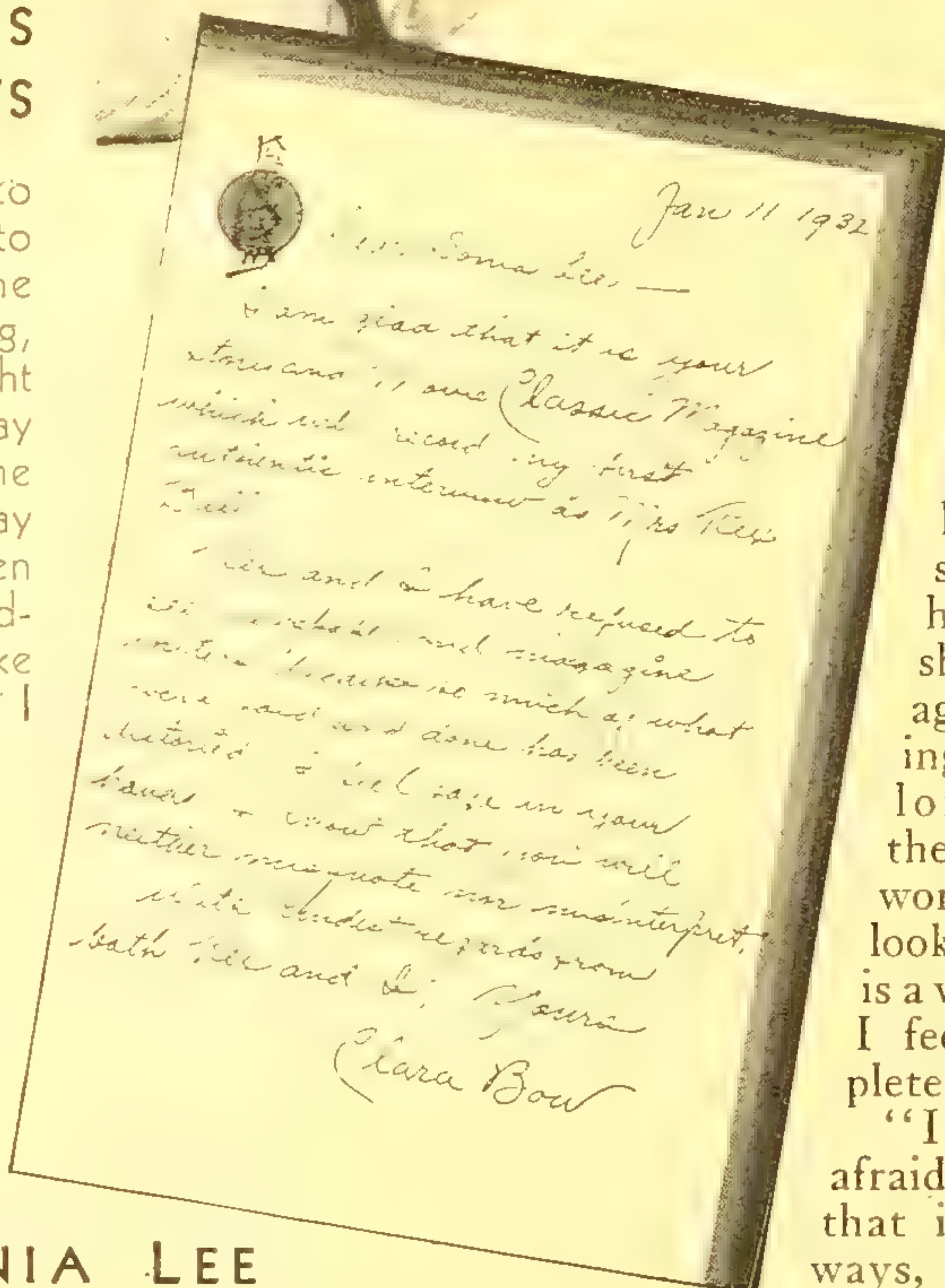
Not Lonely Any More

**B**EING married to Rex has changed all that. I have someone to depend on, someone I can trust. Marriage is my armor. I can look the world in the face again—confident. Rex and his love have mended my spirit—as his care has helped to make my shattered nerves well again. I've been taking knocks alone for so long that knowing there's someone else to worry for me and to look out for my interests is a wonderful experience. I feel so safe—so completely secure.

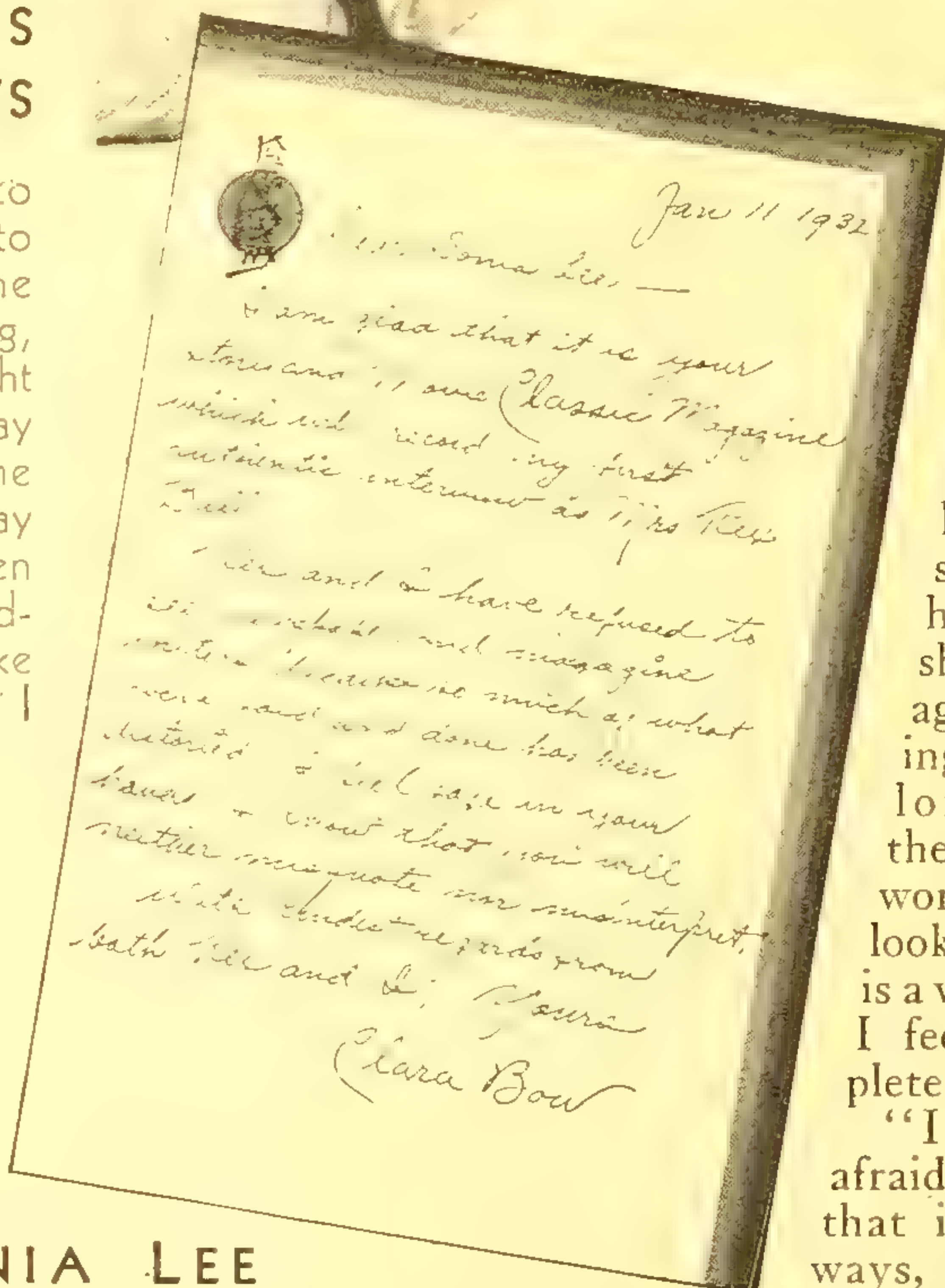
"I've always been afraid of marriage. I felt that it should be for al-

## WHY CLARA HAS REFUSED INTERVIEWS

"I couldn't trust anyone to quote me correctly. I talked to a newspaper man and when the story came out he had me saying, 'dese, dem and dose.' I might have said 'them'—that's the way people talked where I came from. But—I don't talk the way he had me talking. Heaven knows I've had few enough advantages—it seems cruel to make me seem more ignorant than I am."



Ball



BY SONIA LEE





I loved him too much for that. I didn't want him. I'd want to marry. I had many girlfriends and I didn't want a really serious marriage. I wanted something substantial and lasting. I had had so little of the Rock-of-Gibraltar sort of thing in my life. And marriage had to be safe and peaceful and complete for me. I was afraid to marry. Rex was for the secret, the wholeness to run his disastrous marriage.

"And I had made so many mistakes in my life. I was afraid of anything more. But Rex waited. He said he would wait forever.

When Her Life Seemed  
Wrecked

"THEN you would simply  
wait for me."



Few people have seen Clara since her elopement last December with Rex Bell, cowboy actor (right), who proved himself the best friend she has ever had. She and Rex have been honeymooning—simply by keeping to themselves at her Beverly Hills home, where Clara is sunning herself, above

myself married to a man with a mirror-complex—a man who was always talking about his conquests of women, who was utterly and wholly engrossed in his own career or affairs. I've never before known a man who could stop thinking of himself long enough to think of me.

"Rex did. He understood that I had to play. I was young. I had had a most unhappy childhood. I *wanted* to be happy, but I didn't quite know how to go about getting happiness. Rex realized that I needed protection and advice.

"When Rex asked me to marry him a year ago, I told him that





# LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST BY DOROTHY MANNERS

JUST as we thought—all this romance talk whispered about Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro seems to have made a slight change between them.

Greta and Ramon, you remember, had struck up a very fine friendship during the filming of "Mata Hari." When Novarro went to New York following the completion of the picture, Greta, too, happened to plan a vacation to the Big Town and they saw each other frequently. So frequently, in fact, that the chatter writers began to wonder if there might not be a romance brewing. Certainly Greta had never been so chummy with any other

Does the chap below look familiar? George Raft was Valentino's screen "double." Now in talkies, he has a big part in "Dancers in the Dark"



IF Fred Waring were quoted correctly, there can't be much truth in the report that he and Dorothy Lee will be married some time this year (for her third trip to the altar).

The popular orchestra leader is supposed to have the inside track to the peppy Dorothy's heart—but evidently he feels differently about it. Fred is *said* to have said that he and Dorothy might have "made up" after the break-up of her marriage to Jimmy Fidler, but with the

Dorothy Dix is the latest discovery to follow in the famous footsteps of Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill and Norma Shearer, for she's the boss's daughter in Educational's new series about *Torchy*, the office boy—the rôle that gave Clara and company their start

divorce rumors, asks Mary Brian if it's true is to wed Ken Murray—during rehearsals  
"It's Tough to Be Famous"

But apparently the hints of the press have got in their dirty work.

Since Greta and Ramon returned to Hollywood there have been very few meetings between them and their studio tête-à-têtes are growing less and less frequent.

No bad feelings—you understand—just too much talk!

CONNIE Bennett went to a preview of a Joel McCrea picture the other night accompanied by a writer friend—as friend husband, Hank (the Marquis to you), couldn't go. He had a bad cold, or something . . . and colds can get pretty bad on some occasions.





advent of Marshall Duffield in her heart affairs he felt that—well, two romances during one “engagement” were too many.

The little Lee continues to be seen almost exclusively in the company of Duffield, the husky Trojan, who two years ago was a U. S. C. football sensation.

**J**OBYNA Ralston Arlen came back from New York wearing a beautiful sable coat, a present from Dick—and if this doesn’t convince the gossips that Dick and Joby laughed off those Peggy Shannon rumors, then nothing will.

Never did a happy young Hollywood couple ever find themselves in a sillier predicament than Joby and Dick, who had a triangle whisper wished on them.

Joby and Dick haven’t lived in Holly-



Fox

Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow may hide their famous legs, but not Adrienne Dore. And why should she? The former Miss America’s next is “The Famous Ferguson Case”



Richee

The month’s most dramatic faces—those of Sylvia Sidney as the girl crook and Hobart Bosworth as the faith-healer in “The Miracle Man,” just remade as a talkie

wood all these years without realizing the fallacy of taking talk too seriously. They just laughed it off, and wondered how it ever got started.

**D**ON Alvarado appears to be a very jealous young man. At least, he appears to be jealous of Marilyn Miller.

Don and Marilyn were attending a Hollywood stage show just recently when, during intermission, two male friends of Marilyn’s wandered over to say “Hello.”

If two snakes had suddenly arrived on the scene, Mr. Alvarado could not have seemed more displeased. But maybe jealousy is just an old Spanish custom. Wonder what Don will do now that Marilyn has canceled her contract with Warner Brothers and will spend most of her time in New York? If the romance is as warm as it looks, he will find something to do in the East, too.



This is the last you’ll see of Adolphe Menjou for some time. The villain of “Prestige” has gone abroad to make some English films

**B**ETTY Compson, now on a personal appearance tour, is pulling a Lupe Velez and doing imitations of famous Hollywood movie stars. But as Betty’s imitations are much kinder than were Lupe’s she “got over” big with the studio people, who were present on her opening night to give her a big hand.

**T**ALLULAH Bankhead’s next-door neighbors have more fun than anybody. That is, it’s fun until about two o’clock in the morning when the husky voice of Bankhead gets a little monotonous. For some reason or other, Tallulah forgets to pull her windows down,

so every little thing she says can be heard in a couple of directions. And what things Tallulah says! (You read some of them in *Movie Classic* last month).

The other morning she talked from two to three-thirty A.M. long distance to New York. Now the neighbors know all Tallulah’s back-East friends by their first names



—and lots of other things. Also, Tallulah should remember to pull down her window shades—for the California moon has a habit of coming up over a California mountain and shouting, "Peek-a-boo, Tallu'h, I see you!" Congressman Bankhead's daughter is now making "Thunder Below."

**N**O matter what your private opinion of this vogue of "horror" pictures may be, "Frankenstein" goes down in box-office history as one of the most successful pictures ever produced. It has outplayed almost every other box-office hit of the season. Even its nearest rival, "The Champ," took second place to the thriller picture in cities where they were booked simultaneously.

**B**ORIS Karloff, star of "Frankenstein," is the most modest actor Hollywood has encountered in a long time.

Recently he was invited to be the guest of honor at the monthly dinner of the Wampas. Karloff said he would accept on one condition—that he be permitted to bring along the make-up artist responsible for his "monster" make-up in the picture.

"This man deserves a world of credit that he will never get," explained Karloff. "I'd like him to share this little honor with me."

The name of the chap that Karloff brought forward is Jack Pierce.

Strangely enough, Fredric March was equally insistent on crediting Wally Westmore with a large part of his success in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." "Please mention this kid's name," Freddy begged us. "And remember it isn't Percy or Ernie Westmore—it's their brother, Wally."



Earl Crowiey

Shocking? "No—stocking!" says Charlie Ruggles, who's a stickler for correct English. He shares some gay footage with Lily Damita in "He Met a French Girl"

Lita Chevret, left, wonders if she ought to go blonde. RKO's starlet, who's now in "Symphony of Six Million," is one of the few brunette screen beauties left.



Gaston Longet

Ken Maynard didn't fall out of Tarzan's saddle when Tiffany told him they'd like him to make ten pictures this year, instead of eight. No sirree!



**W**HILE we're on the subject of "Frankenstein"—here's the best off-stage laugh inspired by that picture:

"Karloff was miscast in that picture," said a certain Somebody. "So-and-So (meaning a certain sophisticated woman star who goes around frightening little children with her temperament), should have played it."

**J**OAN Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gave an elaborate theatre and supper party to celebrate the Hollywood opening of Doug's picture, "Union Depot." Among their guests were:

Constance Bennett, who almost had her lovely white gown torn off by eager autograph seekers; Clark Gable (and Mrs. Gable), who did have his tie jerked untied; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; Tallulah Bankhead; Richard Cromwell and fifty others.

After the showing at the theatre, the guests returned to the Fairbanks-Crawford home in Brentwood for buffet supper.

**I**T'S a poor Hollywood party that doesn't produce at least one good giggle for the gossips—including those

that weren't invited to the event. The latest snicker occurred at the home of one of our most famous pets. She made the mistake of getting Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer marooned on a divan to-

(Continued on page 74)



# WALLACE BEERY tells how it feels to be "DEAD" for an hour

How would you like to be sitting at breakfast and hear your "death" suddenly announced on the radio? That's the unique experience that happened to Wally Beery—he saw his wife become hysterical—he learned how the news affected his friends. And right then and there, Wally got a new outlook on himself and on life. Let him tell you about it!

BY NANCY PRYOR



Wallace Beery has had an experience that few, if any, of us will ever have. He has been "dead" for an hour—to the rest of the world; he has heard his own death notice come suddenly over the radio; he has had an inkling of how the world would feel about his passing. What were his sensations and reactions—how did he feel, what did he do, what did he think? He tells you in this story—which will give you a new slant on Wally Beery, just as Wally, himself, has a new slant on life.—Editor.

"**W**ALLACE BEERY is discovered dead in his dressing-room . . . dead from heart failure." The hour was early morning—breakfast time—when those words came over the radio, startling Hollywood. Housewives were stirring about their kitchen duties, half-listening to a program; business men were awaiting the relay of the morning's news broadcast before rushing off to work; youngsters were tuning in on the last of a program before hiking off to school; thousands of California homes were "on the air"—when suddenly the voice of the announcer broke sharply with the statement that Wallace Beery—big, laughing, lovable Wally—had dropped dead in his dressing-room.

Thousands, chilled by the report, must have thought:

"It can't be true . . . not Wally Beery . . . not the fellow we saw last night in 'The Champ' . . ."

Newspaper offices, in a moment, were turned into bedlam with the jangling of telephones; hundreds were calling to verify the news. Studio newspaper reporters hurriedly grabbed their hats and hailed taxicabs, for Wally—good old Wally, everybody's pal—was gone!

## Those First Few Seconds

**I**N an apartment in Hollywood a man and a woman sat staring at one another over the breakfast table—dumbfounded, too amazed to speak to one another, not believing their ears at the announcement they had just heard from the loudspeaker.

Rita Gillman Beery cried: "Wally."

Wallace Beery sat very still for a moment. He said nothing. He had been stirring his coffee. He continued to stir it, even when the beautiful blonde girl who is his wife started to laugh and cry hysterically.

So? Wallace Beery was dead?

Wallace Beery lifted the cup of strong black coffee to his lips and drank of it. He felt he needed it. He told me later that as long as he lives, he will never forget the strangeness of that moment—because it was without precedent, impossible to describe. He was not horrified or

(Continued on page 68)





Randolph Scott—a young Virginian who appeared at Paramount while Gary was still abroad, and who looks a bit like Gary—is the latest to see his name linked with Lupe's. Rumor even had them engaged. And was Randie surprised—and was Lupe angry! She acted it!



Hurrell



Dyar

If Gary Cooper wonders how he rates with Lupe now—eight months after their break-up—all he'll have to do is to read this story. Lupe hasn't forgotten what he wrote her after they parted—and she's even jealous of the Countess he has been seen with lately!

# Is Lupe Velez Still in Love with Gary Cooper?

Volcanic Lupe has been keeping everybody guessing—for there has been one romance rumor after another trailing her, ever since they parted. But she releases some pent-up emotions in this story—and tells how she feels toward the men in her life, especially her Garee!

BY MARGARET REID

**W**HAT has happened to Lupe Velez since her break with Gary Cooper? What is there to these rumors of a romance with a prominent film executive—with John Gilbert—with Randolph Scott, a newcomer at Paramount who looks like her Garee? Not a thing, vows Lupe. Moreover, she adds, talking of Gary, "Never again shall I loff anyone so much. I loff him as long as I live."

It all came out when I asked her, "What about the future, Lupe? What do you want of it?"

She was in bed—a huge bed, really two beds made together. The question made her sit up straight.

"I don't think about the future," she cried defiantly. "I *won't* think about it. I take every bit of fun," she

clenched her hands greedily, "every bit of happiness and laughing I can get to-day. Tomorrow I might get run over by an automobile."

"You don't want to settle down? Have a family?"

Lupe flung her arms up, laughed aloud. "Me? No, no. I am not the type. To do that, you plan ahead. I won't. Being free—that's what I want. That's why I broke with Gary."

She paused, struck by a thought. Her eyes grew intense, angry. "And I did break with him. I read these stories—about how his family made him leave me. Nobody could have made Gary leave me. I left *him*."

The pride of the Latin woman, whose status in amours

(Continued on page 66)



# MOVIE CLASSIC

# TABLOID

# NEWS SECTION

• THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS •



Acme

Like her famous parents, Barbara Bebe Lyon has begun to appear in public. Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon escort her to her christening

The latest well-known film player to enter bankruptcy is Louise Brooks (right). She owes \$11,969, with assets "my wearing apparel"

Abbé



Edward G. Robinson and his wife (Gladys Lloyd) arrive in New York from a vacation in Italy. On the same boat were Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, whom they met for the first time abroad



Wide World

It begins to look as if Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado will soon be eloping to Yuma. This is how the camera caught them at the Mayfair "hard times" party



You don't often see pictures of Garbo on the set—but here's one, which proves she liked to chat with John Barrymore between scenes of "Grand Hotel." The picture is now finished—and "coming soon"





The last picture Estelle made was "The Unholy Garden," but she had just received several screen, stage and radio offers when the jinx hit her again

# ESTELLE TAYLOR FRACTURES NECK, GRINS AT JINX

Injured In Auto Accident, Actress Refuses Ether When Bones Are Reset—Still Waiting For Jack Dempsey's Wire

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

big screen, stage and radio offers, and she was determined to discount her injuries—when, suddenly, she began to have unbearable headaches. Finally, reluctantly, she had X-rays taken, and they showed that she had a fracture of the cervical vertebrae. *In plain English, she had broken her neck!*

On the very day that she intended to accept Universal's offer of a big rôle in "Night Club," they suspended her by the neck in a leather harness for an hour to get the dislocated bones back into place before fitting on a plaster cast. Even then she would not take an

tached to a pulley above the headboard of her head, stretched her neck without ceasing from night to morning and morning to night. When she sleeps, they pack her rigidly into place with sandbags, lest a sudden movement undo all the healing of weeks.

Estelle's jinx has prevented her, before this, from doing things she had hoped to do—but it never yet has caught Estelle down on her luck. That's why she has received hundreds of telegrams and letters and flowers, and why she has a steady procession of callers. Noel Scott, the chauffeur who was driving the car when it skidded, comes remorsefully to bring her presents of cream puffs. A prop-boy at a studio invented a reading stand that can be suspended over her head. But Estelle is waiting for one message that hasn't yet arrived.

When her accident was first headlined in the papers, reporters went to see Jack Dempsey. He told them how sorry he felt for Estelle, and described his telegram of sympathy to his ex-wife. The public read about that telegram and felt a twinge of sentimentality about it. But to date Estelle has not received it.

And is Estelle weeping? On the contrary, it strikes her funny!

**Y**OU read, not many weeks ago, how her jinx again caught up with Estelle Taylor as she was riding home from a hotel dance one night—and her car skidded on the wet pavement and struck a palm tree, throwing her against the top of the car, injuring her "painfully." But you haven't read these sequels:

Estelle was rushed to the Hollywood Receiving Hospital with a bad cut in her scalp. The police surgeon who stitched it was surprised at his patient. He had handled movie stars before, and one and all excitedly cried, "Oh, will there be a scar? Please have someone send for my lawyer!" But Estelle, who wouldn't take an anaesthetic, kidded, "Hurry and close this up, Doctor! I feel a draft!"

The doctor told her, when he sent her home, that she would hardly be able to work for four or five weeks. But Estelle had just received some

anaesthetic. "It's my neck and my hanging," she told them spunkily, "and I certainly should have some say about how it's to be done."

The plaster cast they put around her neck shrank so much that she could hardly swallow. The pressure on her throat made her ill. For three days she could not eat anything. They chipped off the plaster with a mallet and chisel, and substituted a steel-and-leather harness which, at-



For weeks, Estelle hasn't been able to turn her head like this—her neck has been encased in steel and leather



# WHOOPS! HE-MAN BICKFORD OPENS LINGERIE SHOP!

Brawny Charlie, As Sideline To Acting,  
Will Sell Dainty "Unmentionables"—  
Has Competitor In Ivan Lebedeff

By MADGE CARVEL

CHARLES BICKFORD, big, red-headed he-boy of the studios, has gone in for lacy things with pink and blue bows on them—but smile, darn you, smile, when you say those words. In short, Charlie has opened one of those shops where they sell little pastel underthings to the ladies. Yes, you read it correctly—Bickford is the name. The same lad who spoke his mind to Cecil B. de Mille (who's usually "yessed") and got so he-mannish about his rôles that M-G-M figured they couldn't stand the virility and let his option lapse.

But Charlie isn't worrying. He's doing parts at all the studios now, and he has a new and profitable sideline. The very dainty and delicate shop on Hollywood Boulevard is called The House of Bickstorm—combining Bickford's name with that

of Miss Joan Storm, the New York designer who will manage the shop. Charlie's motto is: "Let 'em laugh!" He's busy counting the week's profits on lace panties—and maybe you think he isn't!

Lingerie, to Charlie, is just a business—and he's strong on backing anything that will bring a legitimate dime of profit. His other business ventures, all in running order, include a whaling ship, a

big parking station and garage, a chicken ranch, a hog farm and some fishing schooners. If there's money to be made in lingerie, as well as in hogs, Charlie is all for it.

He got the idea for the shop a couple of years ago when he was being interviewed by a gushing lady reporter. She asked him what he would like to do if he weren't a movie actor. Because he thought it would be a silly answer to a silly question, Charlie replied, "I'd like to run a lingerie shop." He meant it to be just a joke—but now it doesn't seem so ridiculous. It's business.

Even in times of depression, the fair ladies have to wear—well, anyway, they don't lose 'em the way the men do on the stock market. When Miss Storm arrived from New York with her original models of lingerie, Charlie forgot that he had once joked about the subject and put twenty-five hundred dollars back of the little venture—with a guarantee of more where that came from, if needed.

Bickford in-

vests every dime he makes in the movies in some business or other. He figures that when his movie days are over (and he may speak his mind to one producer too many some day), he can still be comfortable.

But Charlie is going to have some male competition in his new enterprise—in the form of Ivan Lebedeff. Ivan's interest in lingerie, however, is mainly philanthropic. The hand-kissing Russian has become an agent for imported Russian underthings to help the ex-noblewomen of his country, who have had to fall back on their needlework to help out their sagging finances since the nightmare of the Soviet revolution. Lebedeff knows his Hollywood. If there is one thing the girls love, it is beautiful lingerie. So he had some samples sent over—and they went like hot-cross buns during Lent. Now he has a thriving sideline, himself.



Charlie Bickford isn't going to attempt to sell the things, himself—but here you see him showing Noel Francis some of the stock in his new Boulevard shop



Here's the way most people think of Bickford—as a rough, cussing he-man, just as in "Anna Christie"



# BARRY NORTON

## READY FOR COMEBACK

### AFTER TROPIC EXILE

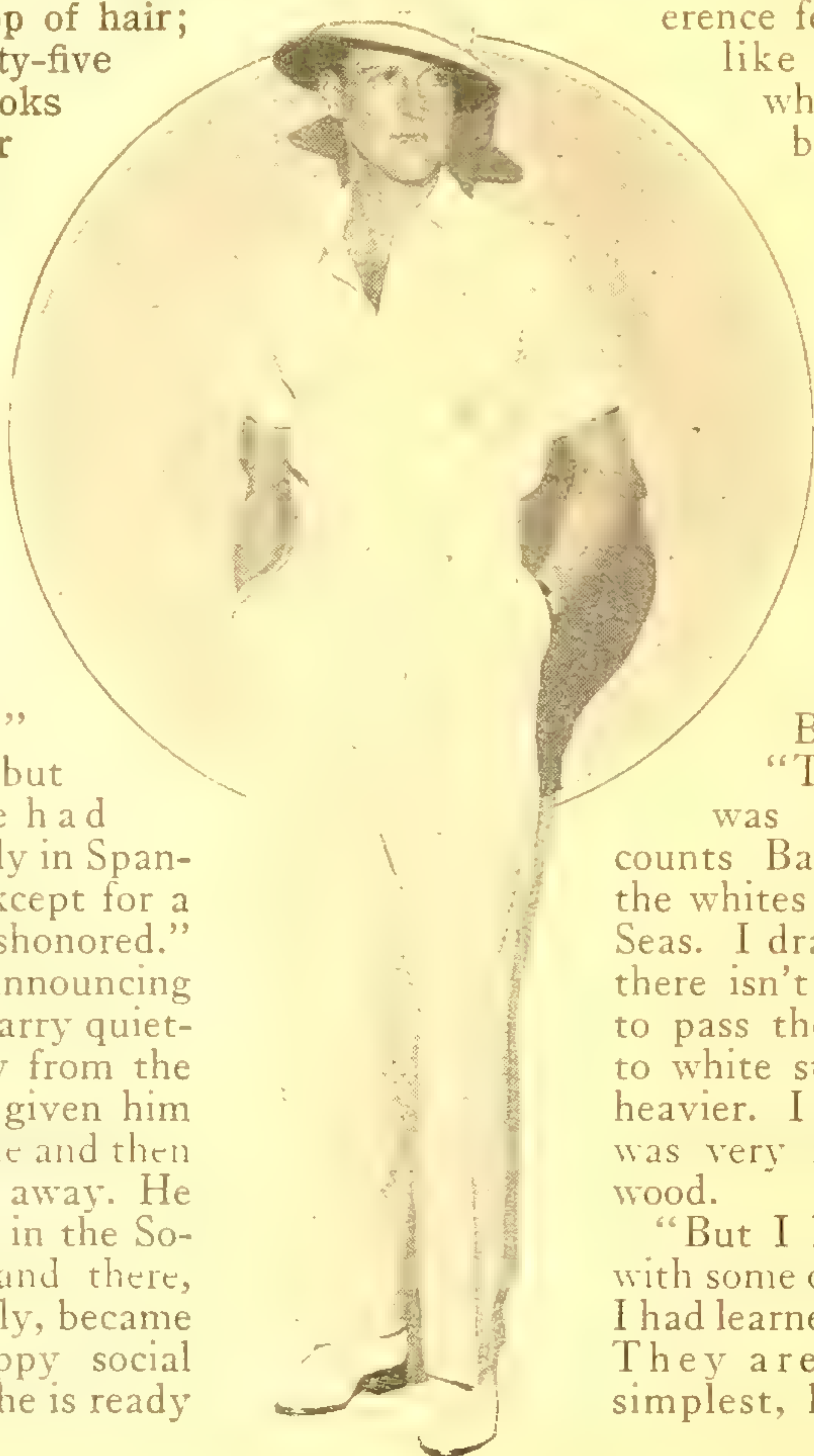


How Barry Norton looked when he entered pictures

**B**ARRY NORTON, who quietly "disappeared" from Hollywood about a year ago, is back. When he left, the handsome young Argentine actor looked jaded, old beyond his twenty-four years, with puffy eyes, thinning hair and fifty pounds of excess weight that told of movie parties. He has come back bronzed, with a new waistline and a thick crop of hair; he has lost forty-five pounds and looks literally younger than he did when he first entered the movies seven years ago. That's what "going native" in the South Seas has done for Barry Norton.

He had been "a coming star" in silent days, but in talkies he had worked obscurely in Spanish versions—except for a brief bit in "Dishonored." Then, without announcing his intention, Barry quietly slipped away from the town that had given him fame and fortune and then had taken them away. He went to Tahiti, in the Society Islands, and there, quite deliberately, became a healthy, happy social outcast. Now, he is ready

Handsome Young Actor, Who "Disappeared," Has Been Living Like A Native In Tahiti — Renewed Both Health And Ambition



to make a screen comeback.

Lila Lee, Patsy Ruth Miller and John Farrow, visiting the South Seas, saw Barry—and understood why he lived as he did. But the white colony of Papeiti, capital "city" of Tahiti, was shocked by his preference for the gay, child-like brown people, when he might have been enjoying "civilized society," loafing in white flannels, drinking highballs, and dancing to phonograph jazz in their bungalows. Toward the last, "they didn't even speak" to him. But little he cared!

"The first month I was in Papeiti," recounts Barry, "I lived as the whites live in the South Seas. I drank a good deal—there isn't much else to do to pass the time, according to white standards. I grew heavier. I felt no better. It was very much like Hollywood.

"But I had made friends with some of the brown boys. I had learned to admire them. They are the simplest, kind-



Dyar

Before Barry Norton "disappeared," this is how he looked—flabby, overweight, and years older than he is. At lower left, how he looks now—young, athletic, slim. The South Seas did it!

est, most hospitable, gayest-hearted people in the world. So I left my white flannels and silk shirts and sun helmets in Papeiti, and went to one of the most remote islands. I wore only the *parpeo*, the native loin cloth. I learned to spear fish, and went hunting in the mountains, and swam and ran on the beaches. They named me 'Puarenuva'—which means 'Horse'—because I ran so much. I shaved my head just to make sure I wouldn't go back and 'beachcomb' in Papeiti—for the real beachcombing is done in the saloons there, where white men loaf and drink and forget, not where they live the simple, healthy native life. But I, of course, was called a 'beachcomber' by those others."

At night, the natives go to bed at eight o'clock. It was then, when the ghostly tropical moon printed the patterns of the palms on the native huts that Barry Norton, screen actor, sometimes thought of Hollywood—as of a place so far away that it seemed a fantastic dream. But the time came when he was homesick, when he fought that subtle persuasion of the South Seas, and came back. And now it is his pagan existence on those far away, sunny islands that seems the dream—a dream that gave him peace and his health and his youth again.

BY CAROL BENTON



# NEW FOREIGN STAR DENIES ROMANCE WITH CHAPLIN

Sari Maritza, Young Sensation, Squelches Persistent Rumor—Also Denies She Ever Was Dietrich's Understudy

BY  
JANET  
BURDEN

The exotic Sari's first picture will be "The Girl in the Headlines"—how the title fits her!



Shalitt

SARI MARITZA, Paramount's newest, youngest, friendliest and blondest exotic, is just a little "burned." Here she is, one of Europe's better-known thrills, becoming a star in her first American talkie—and it turns out that Hollywood reporters know nothing about her except as "the girl Charlie Chaplin was engaged to last Spring" or as "the girl who understudied Dietrich in Berlin"!

If it weren't that Sari is a friendly, languorous person, she would probably have a fit of good, old-fashioned European temperamentals. But right from the start, she wants to put us straight about these two Chaplin rumors: (1) She is not, and never has been, married or engaged to anybody—including Charlie Chaplin; (2) he did not attempt to sign her as his leading lady for his next production.

As for the rumor that Chaplin presented her with an elaborate ruby-and-diamond cigarette case, Sari maintains a discreet silence. If Charlie did give her a gem-studded case, it was only something to keep cigarettes in—and not a pledge of romantic interest.

"I was appearing in films in London at the time Mr. Chaplin arrived," Sari explains, her voice reminiscent of blues singers. "His film, 'City Lights,' was about to open there, and he arranged a large party for the theatre and dancing afterward. He was kind enough to invite me—and

later on, at the café, we danced together. Charlie loves to tango—and so do I. The complicated steps we did attracted a good deal of attention. The press took note of it, and it must have echoed in America as a romance rumor.

"The subject of love was never mentioned between us—we were too busy telling each other various tango steps we knew. I saw him several times after, accompanying him to dance places. Once or twice, he did mention American films to me, saying he believed I would enjoy a greater opportunity in them than in European productions—but he never mentioned a contract, or the possibility of my appearing in a film with him."

Sari is very polite in denying that she ever understudied Marlene Dietrich in Germany. But to mention this rumor to her is distinctly a *faux pas*. For Sari is much better known in European film circles than was Marlene before she came to America. Until the time that von Sternberg "discovered" her for his "Blue



Angel." Marlene was known more as a stage actress than a screen figure. She had never had a particularly successful film—whereas Europe was already very much intrigued with Sari.

Next, Hollywood reporters will probably be having it that she's a daughter of "Countess Maritza"—but that will be easy to deny, for "Countess Maritza" was a musical comedy. Sari's real name is Patricia Detering-Nathan; her father, an English major; her mother, a Viennese; and her birthplace, Tientsin, China—where, like Her-

bert Hoover, her grandfather was one of the whites besieged in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. She laughs at the supposition that she will rival either Dietrich or Garbo, and says she's in Hollywood "just to make money."

Marlene has a head start on the little Maritza in American talkies, but those who have seen Sari work say that she won't be long catching up. In the meantime, don't forget she has never been engaged to Chaplin, and she has never been understudy to Marlene.





Freulich

Carmel Myers, who is Mrs. Ralph Blum in private life, has temporarily retired from the screen to await a "blessed event"

# CARMEL MYERS LOSES VOICE ALONG WITH \$20,000 JEWELS

Encounter With "Two Courteous Burglars"  
Unnerves Actress, Soon To Become A Mother—  
Has To Forfeit Big Radio Contract

By SUE DIBBLE

WHENEVER a movie star is robbed and the news gets into the papers, the skeptics cry, "Fake! It's just a publicity gag!" They said it about the recent hold-up of Carmel Myers, when she lost twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry to "two courteous burglars." But this was no fake. Carmel, who is Mrs. Ralph H. Blum in private life and is about to become a mother, received such a shock that she had to cancel a big radio contract—because her voice was gone!

"My husband was out of town," relates Carmel, "but I didn't feel nervous—and besides, it wasn't late when my maid and I came home to the apartment. The De Sylvas, across the hall, were out and nobody heard my scream, when I saw that burglar come out of hiding, with a gun in his hand and a handkerchief tied across his face. 'Keep still, and I won't hurt you, Miss Myers,' he said. I thought of my baby coming next May. 'Don't point your gun at me!' I cried. 'Can't you see?—I'm going to have a child!'

"He seemed awfully embarrassed. 'We didn't know that or we wouldn't have bothered you,' he said. By that time his partner had come in, dragging my maid. But they didn't mean to turn back now. They asked me where I kept my jewelry and I

told them. I stood watching them go through my things. I kept saying to myself, 'I mustn't get hysterical. I mustn't faint. There's only one thing that's important—the baby.'

"They kept asking, 'How much is this worth? How much did that cost?' I tried to answer calmly. 'Please hurry up and go,' I told them. 'Can't you see how I'm trembling?' I'm afraid I talked like a movie scenario. 'Sit down and take it easy, ma'am,' they urged. 'We don't want anything to happen to you.' They had evidently read about the jewelry that movie stars are supposed to have, because they didn't believe me when I told them they had all I owned. 'My money's invested in real estate,' I apologized.

"I asked if they would please leave my wedding ring. And they couldn't find it! They got down on their hands and knees and hunted on the carpet and under things. Finally, they located it and handed it back, and I thanked them.

"After they had gone, I called my brother and the police. It wasn't until then that I discovered my voice was almost gone. Maybe it was the scream, maybe it was nerves. Anyhow, I had to give up the radio contract. And nobody in my family dares to come into a room softly nowadays!"



Above, the apartment house in which Carmel lives — and to which she returned one evening to find two burglars waiting for her and her jewelry. They treated the actress with unusual courtesy—but took gems



# CHANEY'S SON ENTERS MOVIES, BUT NOT AS LON CHANEY, JR.

Youth's Screen Career Delayed A Year By His Refusal To Take Father's Name —Says, "There Was Only One Lon Chaney"

By MARY WEBSTER

"I WOULD rather see my son dead at my feet than a motion picture actor!" Lon Chaney once told me. And now his son, Creighton Chaney, six feet two, twenty-five years old, is going to desert the plumbing profession to become a motion picture actor. He has just signed a contract with RKO, and it is said that the company has great plans for him. He is the virile masculine type that Clark Gable has just made popular again, which may be one reason for his being signed; but the main reason is that he is the son of that very great actor, Lon Chaney.

"I suppose I have had a subconscious desire for an actor's career all my life," says young Chaney simply. "But my father and I talked it over and agreed that one actor in the family was enough. If he had lived, I would have gone on with my work as a manufacturer of plumbing supplies. Now that he is gone, I see no reason why I shouldn't try movies.

"I have never been to Hollywood parties or spent much time at the studios, but from my father I have learned something about the difficulties and dangers of the career I am deliberately choosing now. There were many things about the life of a screen actor that my father didn't like. My wife and I have talked it all over. I have discussed it with my stepmother — who

is the only mother I have ever known. I'm going into this with my eyes open.

"But I don't expect to follow in my father's footsteps. There never was but one Lon Chaney; there never will be another one. That is one reason why I have steadily refused to call myself 'Lon Chaney, Junior'—though if I had taken this name, as people urged me, it would have meant several hundred dollars more on my salary check from the start.

"The other reason why I will not call myself 'Lon Chaney, Junior' is a Horatio Alger one—I'd sort of like to see what I am worth as myself, and not just as the son of a great actor.

It may take a long while to prove that.

I don't want them to give me the sort of rôles my father made famous. I couldn't do them at first. It takes more, much more, to be a fine character actor than to play straight parts. I want to watch, and study, and work my way up, if I can. I'm proud of being Lon Chaney's son—



Lon Chaney, above, didn't want his son to become an actor—but Creighton Chaney, left, says that acting is in his system and will have to come out. He is six feet two, twenty-five years old, and independent



and yet I want to forget it as soon as possible. I refuse to cash in on my father's fame."

He is intensely in earnest about this. He is indignant about the rumors that he tried to enter the profession under his father's name, with a "Junior" tacked to the end of it. As a matter of fact, his refusal to enter pictures that way has delayed his screen career almost a year. Several studios made him offers after Lon Chaney's death, provided he would take his father's name. But it was not until he found a company that would allow him to be "Creighton Chaney" that he signed a movie contract.

The upper half of his face is strikingly like his father's. He has thick dark hair and splendid teeth; his voice is deep and pleasant; and he is worried because he doesn't know what to do with his hands.

"I don't want to be mysterious or anything like that," he says. "But tell me—did you ever meet anyone who really liked to be interviewed?"

Which shows that he is very, very new to the acting profession!

Like an echo, I seem to hear the voice of Lon Chaney: "I'm sorry, but I must refuse to talk about myself. Just tell the public that between pictures, there isn't any Lon Chaney."



Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—a type of rôle his son will NOT play



# ROMANCE NO STRANGER TO ELSIE JANIS, WHO WEDS AT FORTY-TWO

Actress' Love For Mother Did Not Prevent Her Marrying Before, As Rumored—  
Groom Is Gilbert Wilson, Sixteen Years Her Junior

BY MARION DUGGAN

WHEN Elsie Janis, famous comedienne, recently married for the first time—and then married Gilbert Wilson, young actor sixteen years her junior—the rest of the world may have been surprised, but not Hollywood. The movie town, where she had taken to writing for the talkies, had seen the beginning of the end of Elsie's long spinsterhood—and knew that it was not true that her mother, now dead, had kept her talented daughter from marrying. This was pure legend, which is now exploded, after all these years.

Elsie, herself, used to say, "Why should I marry when I have Jane?" The affection that existed between Elsie and her mother, Mrs. Jane Bierbower, was remarkable—and no doubt kept Elsie from feeling the need of other relationships. But her Hollywood friends laugh at the idea that "the Sweetheart of the A. E. F."—a title Elsie earned during the War—had missed romance prior to her startling marriage at forty-two to a handsome youth in his twenties. "Why, Elsie has had more attention and devotion and love than any other woman I have ever known," says one of her most intimate friends, who has known her from childhood. "Men were always crazy about her; she has had

literally dozens of proposals. Her fame has attracted many eligible celebrities to her. She might have married a French duke. She might have been the wife of a millionaire. And her mother, far from trying to

aviator who was killed in the War. Her mother approved of both of them.

"Since Elsie first came to Hollywood, she has had attention from men stars and writers that many a young girl might envy. Wherever she went, she was surrounded by a crowd of men, most of them younger than she. Several months after Elsie lost her mother, John Charles Thomas, the singer, gave a party in his Hollywood home, and we persuaded Elsie to go. At this party she met a young actor who had been appearing in the 'Nine O'Clock Revue' with Julian Eltinge downtown. He was entirely unknown, but he was extremely handsome and charming, and came from a fine Chicago family.

"From the moment that Gilbert Wilson was introduced to Elsie, he was obviously infatuated with her. From that evening, he and Elsie were constantly together. We all knew they were deeply in love. There had always been, I think, something maternal in her attitude toward her mother, and we felt that there was something maternal in her feeling for Gilbert. But she was worried by the difference in their ages.

"She sent him away to Chicago to test out their feeling for one another by absence. She denied rumors of their engagement, and I

think she tried to deny her own heart—but couldn't in the end. It may seem a strange romance to the rest of the world—a 'June-and-October' romance—but not to us who know Elsie Janis. The sixteen-year difference in their ages means that Elsie is sixteen years wiser and more charming than she was in her twenties."

And what does Elsie, herself, say about her marriage? She intimates that she and the bridegroom laugh more than most newlyweds—but hardly at each other. Already, she hints, she's inviting the world to their silver anniversary in 1957.



Richee

Above, Elsie Janis as the Hollywood scenario writer. Below, as the wartime entertainer who became "the Sweetheart of the A. E. F." Right, as the bride of Gilbert Wilson—her first husband in forty-two years



Acme



Acme

discourage suitors, warmly championed some of the more persistent.

Most people do not seem to know that Elsie was engaged at

least twice—once to a famous explorer who died of typhoid on a jungle trip, and once to a French





*Sherman Clark*

## THE IRON MAN GETS FRAMED IN IRON

No, the gruesome iron pillar isn't a guillotine, and Lew Ayres isn't going to lose his handsome head. It's a machine used to cart scenery from one set to another, and Lew steps into it as naturally as he does into his rôle as an interne in "The Impatient Maiden." You'll have to be an iron man (or woman), yourself, to watch him perform an appendicitis operation in the picture—upon Mae Clarke, no less





*Russell Ball*

Fifi's taking up where Clara Bow left off, in this winking business—but adding a dash of oo-la-la! (And you know what that means.) They wanted Fifi for the French version of Chevalier's "One Hour with You," but said she'd have to make her eyes and lips behave. Fifi couldn't—and, with a wink, went vacationing in vaudeville

**FIFI DORSAY**





Ferenc

## GEORGE BRENT

"Let George do it!" was the battle-cry at Warners, when someone asked, "Who can rival Gable?" George—who's a new heman from Broadway—could think of lots of easier jobs. But they cast him opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always with Us" and Barbara Stanwyck in "So Big"—so watch out, Clark!



# Elissa Landi's own story about her Grandmother, Empress Elizabeth

This is the first story that Elissa Landi has ever authorized about the fact that she is the granddaughter of Empress Elizabeth of Austria—and contains Elissa's first actual proof of her royal ancestry, as told by Elissa, herself

In a story about her in the February MOVIE CLASSIC, titled "The Most Baffling Redhead," the statement was made that Elissa Landi was the granddaughter of Empress Elizabeth, and added, "But she said nothing, and wished nothing to be said." Elissa has since changed her mind. Here, for the first and last time, she breaks her silence in the controversy as to whether or not she is related to Empress Elizabeth.—Editor.

"I've always known that the Empress Elizabeth was my grandmother," Elissa Landi told me, "but I could prove it to no one until recently, when I was given indisputable proof.

"To me, it seems odd that proof should be considered so necessary. For example: There cannot be found in the world to-day a shred of proof that I've ever been born, and yet I'm reasonably sure I exist. There is no proof that the Countess Landi is my mother, and yet deep down in my heart I know this to be true. My birthplace was Venice, Italy; and the fact that the records were destroyed by fire

By birthright, Elissa is a Princess—and looks and acts the part, without trying

It's easy to see whose granddaughter Elissa is! Note her resemblance to the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, above

leaves me strangely unmoved. Nor am I worried or impressed by the controversy concerning my mother's relationship to the Empress Elizabeth. I know the truth.

"But even though I've been given proof, I shouldn't have spoken about the matter if there hadn't been an unwarranted and totally unexplainable attack on my mother and myself by an utter stranger, an American woman who married a prince. We simply can't figure out why she should have written that article about us. We couldn't have offended her. We don't know her from Adam!

"If she thought she would hurt me through this attack, she is doomed to disappoint-



ment. Even if her statements had been true, I should not have been injured, for I live in the present and look to the future, not to the past. I suppose I'll never discover her motive. Human beings do strange things at times.

#### How Elissa Resembles Elizabeth

BUT after a moment of thought, Elissa added compassionately, "Perhaps she needed the money, and in similar circumstances I might have done the same thing." So like Elissa! For while she detests crowds of all descriptions, she harbors great understanding and compassion for humanity. Which is only one of the many traits she has in common with her grandmother, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

Truly remarkable is the resemblance between Elizabeth and Elissa, who, by the way, was christened Elizabeth and, when a child, shortened her name to Elissa. Photographs of Elissa and the Empress reveal a striking physical likeness. Elizabeth did, and Elissa does, fervently believe in aristocracy—Elizabeth in the aristocracy of blood, Elissa in the aristocracy of brains. They tally in everything, from their subtle arrogance and beauty to the reddish gold of their glorious hair. The Empress Elizabeth was profoundly intelligent, a world-renowned Greek scholar, a lover of the music of Wagner, and an expert horsewoman. At the age of six Elissa actually confounded priests by her theological questions, at the age of ten she was an accomplished Greek scholar, an expert horsewoman, and Wagner was one of her gods.

Improbable, you say, in a child so young? Perhaps, but only until you know the electric,



Acme



Elissa Landi discloses the truth about her ancestry in answer to an attack on her mother and herself



Left, Countess Zanardi-Landi, Elissa's mother—the daughter who was "the secret of an Empress," and was born to Elizabeth of Austria at the Chateau de Sassetot (above) in 1882. Elissa here produces proof that her mother's story, often challenged, is undeniably true

vibrant quality of Elissa Landi's personality. If for only a moment you could talk with this amazing young woman who has written four successful novels and risen to heights on both stage and screen, you would not only hail such improbable youthful accomplishments as highly possible, but you would know her to be a woman who simply *must* have descended from the haughtiest house of Europe. Furthermore, you would know that she is far

(Continued on page 70)





*Richee*

Miriam Hopkins and William (Buster) Collier, Jr., are the screen's newest dance-and-romance team — being the principals of "Dancers in the Dark." Miriam is right in her element, for the great little blonde picture-stealer started her stage career in dancing slippers. And Buster doesn't feel at all out of place, thank you, in the rôle that Charles (Buddy) Rogers turned down to go to Broadway!

**MIRIAM AND BUSTER  
EASILY PASS MUSTER  
BOTH AS DANCERS  
AND ROMANCERS**





*C. S. Bull*

**HER DEAREST  
FRIEND AND HIS  
SEVEREST CRITIC  
(BUT ONLY IN REEL LIFE)**

In "Lovers Courageous," Robert Montgomery is a struggling playwright—who doesn't have any money, but does have Madge Evans. (And what more could any man want?) Together, they battle the world—and that includes her parents—working far into the night to make his play a success. And doesn't it seem good to see this earthy kind of night-life in the movies, for a change?





Believe it or not, but Jimmy's waiting for a street-car! No girl in her right senses would keep Jimmy waiting—and Fox hasn't made him wait for big breaks. There's a rumor afloat that his health is cracking, but it doesn't sound true when he's making a personal appearance tour and getting ready to dance into "Little Teacher"

**JAMES DUNN**





*Will Walling, Jr.*

**ONE BABY GRAND  
AND  
ONE GRAND BABY**

Joan Blondell has a way—as well as a Steinway. This is what is known as tipping the scales in the Blondell grand manner, or being a tuneful little eyeful. There aren't any blue notes in Joan's piano, now that she has earned stardom by the good, old-fashioned method of hard work—as you learned on Page 17. The ex-Follies girl comes into her own in "The Crowd Roars" and "The Famous Ferguson Case."





Hurrell

My, what great big eyes you have, Joan—when somebody opens the door of your studio sanctuary and surprises you in the dark, memorizing your lines for "Grand Hotel"! But we had to find out if it's true that you've made your dressing-room suite look like home—even to the Colonial furniture. And, sure enough, you have!

**JOAN CRAWFORD**



# CLARK GABLE

## destined to be even greater lover, his HANDWRITING reveals

Louise Rice, famous graphologist, here tells you more about Clark Gable from his handwriting than you ever knew from just seeing him on the screen. Did you know, for instance, that he has not yet really found himself—and that his love nature is now subdued, but in time will become intense?

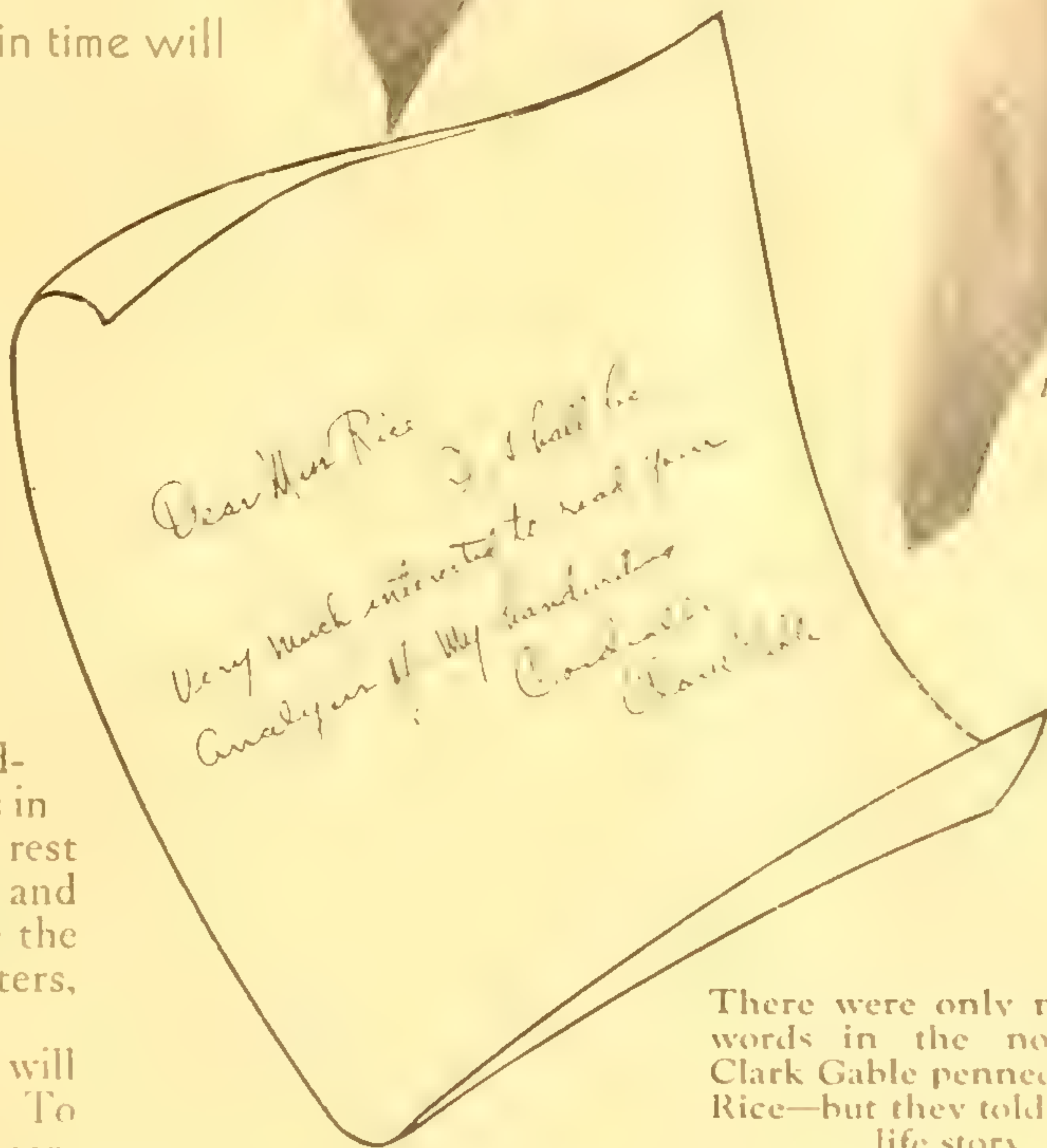
BY LOUISE RICE

**W**HEN I first received the letter from Clark Gable which you see reproduced herewith, I almost thought that he was playing a joke on me and that two people had written it instead of one. For the little curled "i" dot in his handwriting shows that he has a good sense of humor and enjoys a joke, either on himself or on someone else.

Look closely at the reproduction of his letter to me and notice the words "much," "your," "of my handwriting" and then compare them with the other words in this note. See how different these words are from the rest of the words in his letter—these are closely spaced and somewhat angular and much firmer in pressure, while the others are widely spread in the spacing of the small letters, more rounded, and with a less even basic line.

To those of you who do not know Graphology, this will not tell very much about this interesting personality. To me, it shows that Clark Gable has practically two personalities—one, the laughing, magnetic man who sets all feminine hearts aflame when he appears on the screen, whether he is fighting or making love; the other the mental, reasoning type which very few of his friends know much about, except the few to whom he shows his real self, his everyday self.

If you will look at



Hurrell

There were only nineteen words in the note that Clark Gable penned Louise Rice—but they told her his life story

his tightly closed capital "D" in the word "Dear," it will show you that there is reserve in his nature and a certain secrecy about his intimate thoughts and feelings, in spite of his ability to be talkative and friendly when he chooses.

(Continued on page 67)



U & U

## A NEW WAY TO READ YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Get a Louise Rice Grapho-scope which will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.



# Hollywood Gives Its Slant on JACKIE COOPER

He's only eight years old—but he's a full-fledged star, with a weekly salary running up into the thousands, and gets as much fan mail as Clark Gable. So far as the public is concerned, he hits the bull's-eye. But what of Hollywood—what is the verdict of the people closely associated with him? To them, is he a great actor or merely a precocious child? Do they think he's a typical boy—or that he's spoiled? Here's what they say, confidentially!

COMPILED BY DOROTHY MANNERS

**JACK OAKIE:** "Cooper? He slays me. I'm tellin' you, the kid kills me! He works from the ticker, if you know what I mean—he's got the old heart-beat in everything he does. He tore me to pieces in 'The Champ' and I went back twice for more. When he sticks out that underlip of his, he just wraps me up and puts me away. There's something about a protruding underlip that just naturally seems to go with 'It.' Maurice Chevalier's got it, so has Doug Fairbanks. Cooper? Say, he's my favorite actor of the bunch!"

**O. O. McIntyre** (quoted from his syndicated column): "I'm growing just a little tired of going to the movies and listening to the loud bawling over Jackie Cooper."

**Richard Dix:** "He's the greatest actor on the screen. He's so darned great that no other actor can hold his own against him. I know. I tried. Off the screen, he's just a normal little boy. On the screen, he's the best little scene-stealer in the business."

**Sally Eilers:** "I know Jackie only from his work on the screen, so I can't say whether or not his great success has spoiled him. But surely he can't be the happy, normal sort of little boy he would have been if Hollywood hadn't happened to him. Somehow it just doesn't seem to be in the cards. When grown people can't stand it, how in the world can we expect a youngster to do so? If he can successfully stand the pace of having thousands of his pictures taken and published, and of having his opinions quoted to the world, and all the other flattery of movie stardom, without even being a little changed by it—he's one kid in a million. But perhaps he is!"

Wally Gives the Low-Down

**WALLACE BEERY:** "Don't let anybody tell you Jackie is a genius, or any other kind of a freak. He's just a great little boy who personifies all the little boys in the world and he can get it over. If Jackie were a genius, he would have done that last great crying scene in 'The Champ' from within—without quite knowing how or why he did it. But Jackie knew why he did that scene: we told him 'Red' Golden, his idol and assistant director on the film, had been fired! It was a dirty trick to play on the kid because we knew he'd take it hard. He took it just as any other normal kid would take the news of a lost pal—and that's what you saw on the screen. That alone should prove that Jackie isn't any spoiled child prodigy. He's just a healthy, normal little boy who happens to be a born actor."

**Charlie Chaplin** (in statement given to the London press): "To me,  
(Continued on page 60)



Isn't he the young man-about-town, though, when he goes to a Hollywood opening? He'll soon be going to see himself in "Limpy"



# "More searching than your mirror ... your husband's eyes"

Over 20,000 beauty experts for that reason insist that clients keep skin radiantly young by using an olive and palm oil soap. Palmolive is the only large-selling soap made of these oils.

"IF ALL the women who seek to hold their husbands would first hold their good looks, editors of beauty columns wouldn't get such a large mail... and there would be greater chances for happiness." That's the warning addressed to women by leading beauty specialists.

\* \* \*

Neither a great amount of time nor large sums of money are necessary to keep looking your best. But intelligent home care, every day, is necessary. Don't think that means hours of primping. It means the best natural skin cleansing you can obtain. And beauty experts are unanimous in their recommendation of Palmolive facial cleansing.

Two minutes. That's all it takes. A simple washing of face and throat with the lather of this olive and palm oils soap. Then, powder, rouge, if you wish. But foundation cleansing, first.

Won't you try this method, endorsed by more than 20,000 experts, as the wisest step toward keeping that schoolgirl complexion? Use Palmolive... twice every day... faithfully. Then see what your mirror reveals. See what your husband's eyes reveal.

Retail Price  
10c



"When you are in doubt as to the claims a soap makes, look at the label. Can you tell what's in that soap? Then why take chances? Use Palmolive—which is recommended by those who KNOW."

Carsten, Berlin's Distinguished Beauty Expert.



*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*



# Not afraid of



"I'm 18" BARBARA WEEKS



"I'm 19" JOYCE COMPTON



"I'm 20" JEAN HARLOW



"I'm 23" JUNE COLLYER



"I'm 21" FRANCES DADE



"I'm 22" NOEL FRANCIS

# LUX



# *the Birthdays ahead*



"I'm 27" BARBARA BEDFORD



"I'm 26" LAURA LA PLANTE



"I'm 28" LOIS WILSON



"I'm 29" ANITA STEWART

## They know the secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

THE screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of *keeping* youthful freshness right through the years!

"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them will give their own peach-bloom skin the most zealous *regular* care.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties—keep their skin youthfully aglow with this fragrant white soap!

*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Their preference is so well known it has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

You will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!

# Toilet Soap — 10¢





Bachrach

# Ricardo Cortez Reveals Who He Really Is!

Nearly everyone knows that he is not Spanish, and that he was not born Ricardo Cortez. But who is he and where did he come from? "It is time the truth was told," he says—after being "a man without a country" for almost ten years!

BY JACK GRANT



pride in the simplicity of Ricardo Cortez' answer—the pride of his race, a race that has survived thousands of years of oppression and suffering. But Hollywood was aghast when it heard the story. Hollywood is always aghast at honesty—at any gesture that throws aside sham and pretense.

Of course, Hollywood has long accepted as a fact the assumption that Ricardo Cortez enjoyed the real-life rôle he had assumed. Some even believed he was ashamed of his real ancestry and preferred to pose as the romantic figure his false biography made of him. No one publicly challenged Cortez, however. Remember, this is Hollywood, where to express disbelief of any man's story only invites disbelief of your own.

## Rumors About His Real Name

THERE have been rumors, naturally. There are always rumors in the film fraternity. It was said that Cortez' real name was Jack Kranz, Jake Kranzmeyer, even Abie Katz. Any number of yarns flew the rounds concerning his early life. Some of these tales were unpleasant in their implications. Perhaps you, too, have heard a few of them.

Put yourself in this man's shoes. It is commonly known that your name is fictitious. There are all sorts of wild tales about your real history. What are you to do? Obviously, you can't climb to some housetop to shout, "They're all lies." You can't go around belligerently, saying to everyone you meet, "I know what you're thinking of me. You believe I'm trying to delude you, to make a fool of you with this fanciful tale of Latin romance. It's a lie."

(Continued on page 58)

**R**ICARDO CORTEZ—Hollywood's man without a country—has at last ended the mystery about himself. Everyone knew that Ricardo Cortez was not his real name. But no one knew anything more about him, except that he was one of the best picture-stealers in the business. His true name, his nationality, his birthplace—all were matters of conjecture. But here is the story of what this excellent actor has suffered all these years by his unintentional masquerade—and how he has gladly revealed his real story:

What is known in the jargon of the movies as "a fat part" awaited somebody at RKO recently. Studio officials talked it over. In their respective opinions, there was only one man to play it—Ricardo Cortez. But would he?

The rôle under discussion was that of the young Jewish doctor in Fannie Hurst's new story, "Symphony of Six Million." A great acting part, this doctor—but would Cortez, whose Latin name was known to be assumed, whose background and ancestry had been invented to fit that name, whose very life had been altered by the masquerade—would Cortez play a Jew?

Someone finally had the good sense to ask him. The question was put bluntly, "Would you consider playing a Jew?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I? *I am a Jew.*" There was



# "I like it"

I hope I'm a little different from most girls in lots of ways. But I know I'm just like most women in *this* respect. I don't like to be argued with. I don't like to be preached to. And I won't be frightened into things! I like what I *like*. And I like a toothpaste with a clean, keen, *refreshing* flavor. I like to know that my dentist approves. And mine does! He says that all *any* toothpaste can do is *clean* teeth. And no toothpaste can do that better than Colgate's. So—I would just like to know *why* I should pay more than 25 cents for toothpaste? That's all I have to pay for Colgate's!

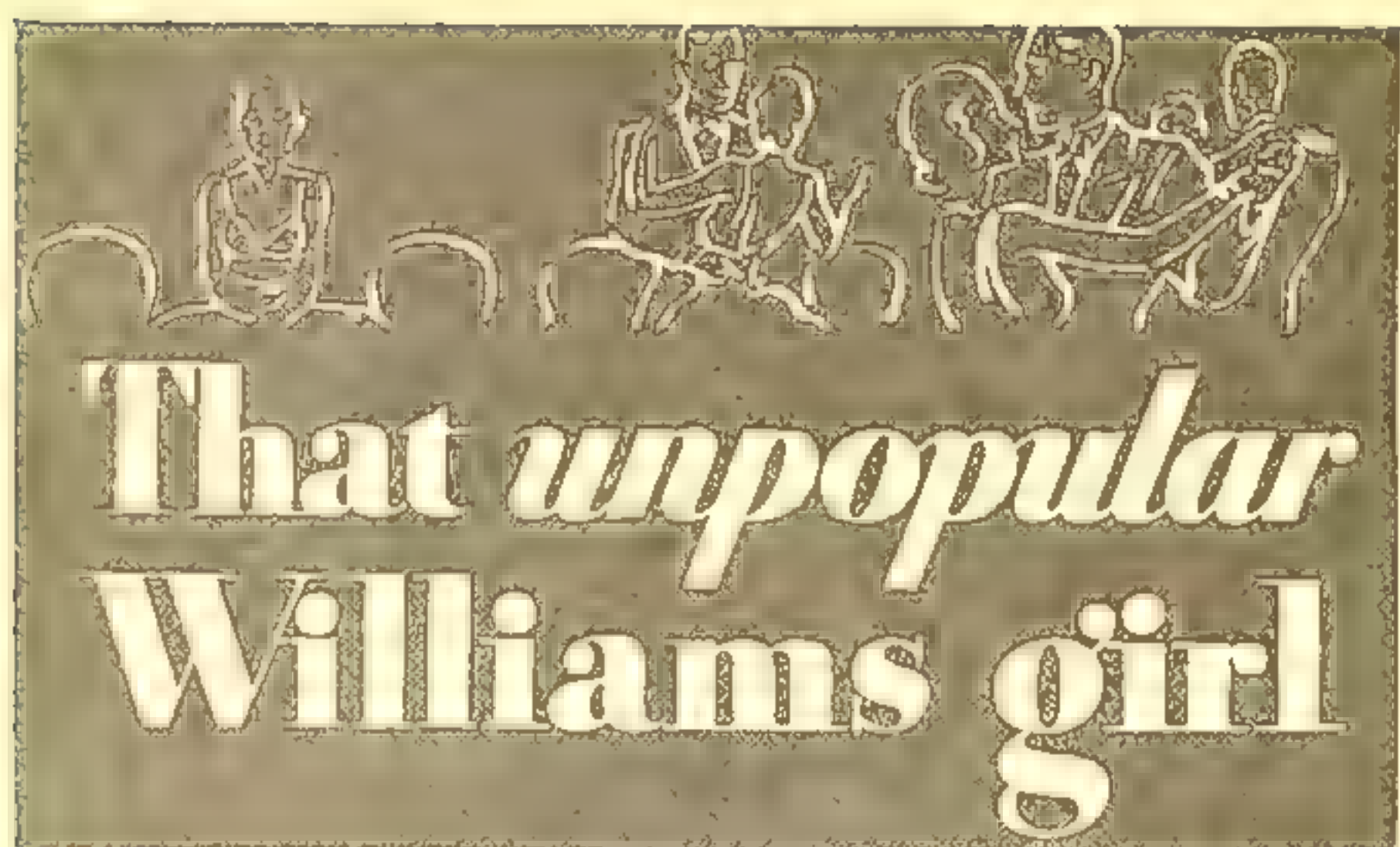


This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



## 25¢



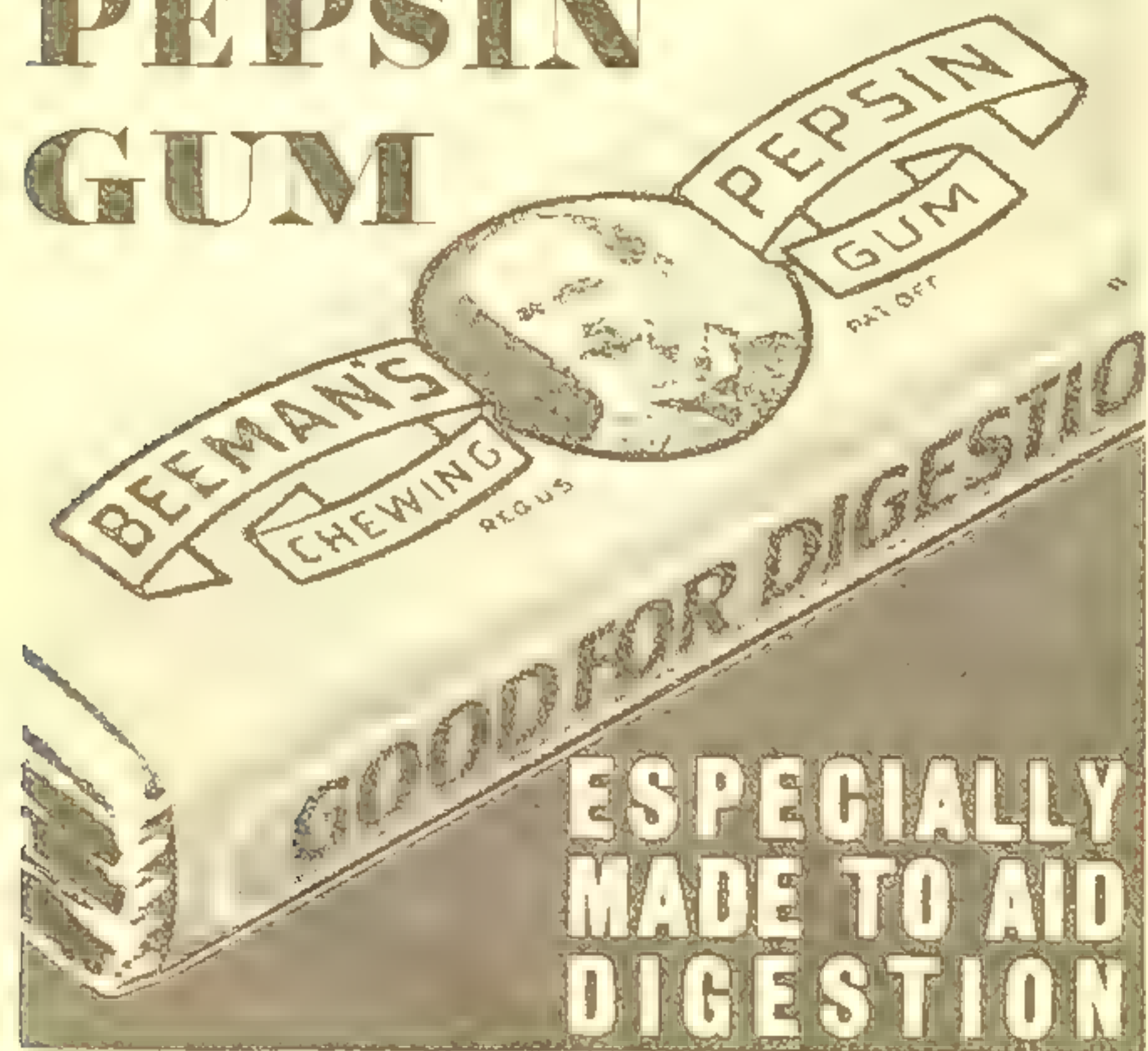


*surrounded by stags*

It was too bad really, but who wanted to dance with a girl who never said anything. And looked so heavy-eyed and dull. Bad complexion, too. And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

Sometimes the difference is slight between radiant good health and annoying digestive troubles that spoil your good times. Many people have found that Beeman's is a great help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman was a real benefactor to make a delicious gum that would provide so much happiness. Chew Beeman's every day.

*Chew*  
**BEEMAN'S  
PEPSIN  
GUM**



## Ricardo Cortez Reveals Who He Really Is!

(Continued from page 56)

You couldn't follow such courses of procedure. Neither could Ricardo Cortez. You would have to wait until somebody asked you. And therein rests the only reason why Cortez hasn't told the facts of his case until now. *No one ever asked him.*

Even those who are his close personal friends have been strangely reticent in discussing the Cortez myth. They have avoided it as something tabu. Others have preferred to remain merely acquaintances because they believed the man to be living a lie of his own invention and despised him for it. Ric knows his legend has cost him many friendships. He is not popular as popularity is rated in Hollywood. People dislike him without ever having met him. As a consequence, he lives a quiet life in comparative retirement.

As neither friend nor foe confronted him with a direct question, what was there for him to say? All the talking has been done behind his back, never to his face. I tell you, no one ever asked him.

### "Tired of the Sham"

"I OFTEN wished someone had," Ric says. "I am as tired as anyone of the sham. For nearly ten years, I have been a man without a country—without a race—without a history. My birthplace has been variously reported as Vienna, Madrid, Rio de Janeiro and heaven knows where else. Stories of my life have been so contradictory, even I am confused. I am Cortez, the First, without parentage, background or history, other than what has been given me by the imaginative inventions of press-agents. I have been a character of pure fiction, manufactured out of whole cloth. No one has known who I really am and where I came from. It is time the truth was told.

"I know people have believed that I want to continue the masquerade—that I am ashamed to admit what is true. I neither desire to continue the fiction nor have I anything of which to be ashamed. I am proud of my ancestry. I revere my mother and the memory of my father. I honor the blood of the Jewish race that flows in my veins. *I want my birthright.*"

Another Jacob sold his for a mess of pottage, you remember!

"My name was Jacob Kranz. It was legally changed to Ricardo Cortez when I entered pictures. But it was Jacob Kranz when I was born in Hester Street, on the East Side of New York City. My father was from Hungary, my mother from Austria. It is from my mother's side that I get my Jewish blood. My father was as blonde as I am dark."

The fictional stories of Cortez have always painted him as a dramatic figure, raised in luxury. There have even been hints of royalty in his lineage. Be that as it may, there is more drama in the true story. There isn't a more dramatic spot on the globe than New York's turbulent East Side—"the melting pot of races."

It was there that young Jacob Kranz was raised. He went to school and worked after school was out. He sold newspapers and performed all the other tasks boys of his class generally do. Between times he helped his father in the Kranz clothing store. When the boy was sixteen, his father's death made him the head of the family.

"Ever since I can remember, I wanted to be an actor," he says. "When the opportunity came my way, I became a super at twelve dollars a week. I had no lines to speak—was merely given a flag to carry across the stage. It was a French flag and I won the job because I looked French.

"A short time later, a friend gave me a

letter of introduction to Marshall Neilan, the screen director. He talked to me at length and gave me a part in a Marguerite Clark picture. I went home trembling with my joyous news—to find my father critically ill. He died in three days. Three weeks later, my sister died. I never played the rôle.

"It was many months before I again thought of acting; I resolved to gamble everything on the lone chance of making good in Hollywood. Armed with a letter to Jesse Lasky, I left New York."

Lasky received the applicant with courtesy, but held forth no hopes. Other producers were sought out with a similar lack of success. It looked like the career of Jack Kranz, actor, was to be of short duration. One night, a very unhappy young man accepted the invitation of some friends to join them on a party at the Coconut Grove. A dancing contest was a feature of the evening. One of the young ladies in Kranz's party wanted to enter and he became her partner. They won. The following day, Lasky sent for him.

"My wife saw you dancing at the Grove last night," he said. "She believes that you have a future on the screen."

Apparently Lasky was willing to back his wife's judgment. He talked contract. The question of salary arose. "How does \$75 a week sound to you?" Lasky asked.

"You know best what I am worth. I will abide by any decision you make," was the reply. The boy tried not to show that the sum mentioned seemed like a fortune.

"That's the spirit," Lasky applauded. "We'll make it a hundred." Upon five different occasions after that, Lasky voluntarily tore up an existing contract and wrote a new one. It was not long before the weekly pay check read \$1250. Jack Kranz entered pictures during the era of Latin love. Rudolph Valentino had just broken his contract with Paramount and in the dark-complexioned newcomer, the company believed it had a second Valentino.

There have been a half-dozen stories concerning the selection of Ricardo Cortez as a name for the new actor Lasky signed. The most commonly accepted report says he was named from two cigar bands. Lasky didn't like the name of Kranz. He suggested a change and found the boy perfectly agreeable. "We'll let the girls find you a name," Lasky said and walked to the outer office where sat his two secretaries.

From many suggestions the combination of Ricardo Cortez was evolved. It sounded romantic and seemed to fit the bill. Next day the publicity department announced that Jesse Lasky had made a new discovery, a dashing, dazzling, Latin sensation, one Ricardo Cortez.

Living up to his name has caused Ric more grief than is possible to detail here. Writing his biography was a press-agent's holiday. There were no facts to hamper an imaginative mind. Any incident required could be invented on the spur of a moment.

But imagine the actor's embarrassment upon being confronted by interviewers! "Where were you born?" they all began and his answer had to be, "Ask the publicity department for my biography." And when representatives of the foreign press called, his embarrassment was twofold. Supposedly a Spaniard, he could not speak a word of Spanish!

A sense of loyalty to his employers undoubtedly motivated Ricardo Cortez in the deception he practised during his first years on the screen. I am willing to wager that you would have done the same, had you been in his shoes. Unfortunately, by the

(Continued on page 60)





*by Results*

*not Price, this Tooth Paste won its way into  
the homes of the Wealthy*

Why is it that Listerine Tooth Paste is found in so many homes of the wealthy?

Obviously the 25¢ price could not appeal to a woman who has her own box at the opera. Or to a man who takes his family annually to Palm Beach.

Listerine Tooth Paste has won its way into their homes simply on its merits. By the quality that the very name Listerine guarantees. And by results that are clearly apparent.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste do so now. Note how thoroughly, how swiftly it cleans. Contained in it are ultra-modern cleansing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach every surface of the tooth. Even penetrating between teeth—removing tartar, decay, discolorations, and stains.

Note the wonderful brilliance and luster that Listerine Tooth Paste imparts to your teeth. Special polishing agents, superfine in texture, produce this effect. Yet never



once do they mar precious enamel.

Note, too, the pleasant taste and refreshing feeling and mouth invigoration that follows the use of Listerine Tooth Paste. That delightful, clean feeling that you associate with Listerine itself.

When we created Listerine Tooth Paste, it was with the pledge to ourselves that it would be exceptional in quality. That it would be equal if not superior to dentifrices costing much more. We have made no claims for it except that it will cleanse teeth swiftly, thoroughly, and safely.

More than four million people who could afford to pay more have found that this dentifrice serves them best. Please try it. You be the judge. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*the large tube*

*25 cents*





## How Do Sportswomen Manage?

Cup winners can't be quitters—whatever the time of month. The woman who competes for honors in any field of sport must take her sporting chance with Nature. Any strenuous match may suddenly bring on her sickness. A busy season of practice and play makes no allowance for discomfort or pain of menstruation. Midol will meet this emergency — as many active women know. Midol tablets have emancipated women from the dread of regular pain—from the need of giving in to such suffering—from suffering at all.

Do you realize that a woman who takes Midol just before her time to suffer will menstruate without one twinge of pain? That even though the pains have caught her unawares, Midol will stop them within seven minutes? And that Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache?

No matter how hard a time you have always had, Midol carries you through your monthly periods in perfect comfort. Don't stand in the dark. Don't doubt a discovery which has been verified by the medical profession and proven to the satisfaction of more than a million women. Your druggist has these tablets in a slim little box that fits the smallest purse or pocket. Just ask for Midol.

## Hollywood Gives Its Slant on Jackie Cooper

(Continued from page 52)

Jackie Coogan will always be the 'child genius' of all time—but little Jackie Cooper is a wonderful actor. His great appeal, I believe, lies in the fact that he does not impress people as a child artist. He is just a regular little boy."

*Tallulah Bankhead:* "Haven't you heard about Jackie and me? He's my beau. At a dinner party given by Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., he was my dinner partner. We got along great—both of us ate fried chicken with our fingers. My boy-friend was going good until about ten o'clock, when he began to get sleepy. He's the first beau I ever had who 'faded' on me that soon."

### Gives Credit to Mrs. Cooper

*DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.:* "It isn't a lot of fun to be a kid actor—I know from experience. It isn't a normal, particularly happy life for a boy. But I think Jackie Cooper comes the closest to living a regular he-boy life with a kid's normal outlook of any screen youngster I've ever met. A great deal of the credit for this belongs to Mabel Cooper, Jackie's mother. She never permits him to be smart or show-off with grown people. Another thing, she doesn't make the mistake of 'supervising' his every movement. When Jackie plays with the kids in his neighborhood, he's just one kid among many on the football team. Mabel isn't scared to death he is going to hurt himself—as most movie mamas are."

*Billie Dove:* "There's no one on the screen like him. To me he's more thrilling than Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and all the other fascinating actors of the moment. If I were a little girl, I'd like awfully much to be Jackie's best girl-friend."

*Mayme Ober Peake* (columnist and writer): "Jackie invited me to go to the movies with him one night. When we got to the box-office, he asked solemnly, 'Who is going to pay for the tickets?' I told him I was. 'Well,' he said, very seriously, 'please don't get the expensive seats.' I thought he was trying to save me money and assured him that I could really afford the loges. 'Yes, ma'am,' he agreed, 'but I can't see that far back. Pardon me—but I guess I'm too short.'"

*Miltzi Green:* "It isn't true that Jackie Cooper and myself are 'engaged.' We are just good friends."

*Eric von Stroheim:* "As a rule, I do not like child actors. They bore me beyond words. But years have nothing to do with the talent of Jackie Cooper. He is a great actor. He has a great natural talent that comes along for the movies just once in a great while. Many actors a great deal older than Jackie could take tips on technique from him."

*Hollywood Newspaper Woman:* "Once I was talking to Jackie and it seemed to me he gave me a rather flippant answer to a question. Several people standing around who overheard immediately started to say that Jackie was beginning to be spoiled by his attention and flattery. But there is a little boy who lives next-door to me—a child who hasn't had Jackie's success and fame—who can get equally fresh upon occasion. If Jackie were painfully polite all the time, he just wouldn't be an American boy. If he were constantly watching his 'manners,' he would be more of an unnatural youngster than he could ever be by 'talking up' once in awhile. How many non-professional children do you know who are 'little gentlemen' all the time?"

*Clara Bow:* "Over a period of years there have been many candidates for 'It'—but if anybody else is ever going to fall heir to that title I hope it's Jackie Cooper. He has 'It.'"

*Louella Parsons* (movie columnist for Hearst papers): "This child's tremendous success is a boon to Hollywood movie productions. His popularity is proof that the public was growing very weary of smutty, suggestive pictures. Let's hope the producers take a tip from it."

### Advice to Ambitious Mothers

*BEN THIAU* (casting director at M-G-M, Jackie's home studio): "If only all the other movie mamas in the world would realize that their offspring weren't Jackie Coopers! One of the real tragedies of any kid's success on the screen is the flock of ambitious mothers he attracts to the casting offices of the studios. Jackie is one in a million—but try to make other kid geniuses' mothers realize this! They bring in these poor little kids with their hair artificially curled and their lips painted and rouged and insist they are great artists like Jackie Cooper. Most of these children are old before they ever have a chance to be young—victims of maternal ambition. All I can say to the movie-greedy mothers all over the country is: *Don't bring your young genius to Hollywood.* Jackie Cooper is one in ten million!"

*James Cagney:* "Kid Cooper sat in front of me at a Hollywood premiere the other night. I got a bigger kick out of seeing him in person than I would have if Garbo had come in and sat down beside me. Coop's got personality even in the back of his neck. Once during the show he turned around in his seat and smiled at me! That's the nicest compliment I've had since I've been in Hollywood."

And believe it or not—but even *Garbo* was seen to wave to Jackie one morning from her dressing-room!

## Ricardo Cortez Reveals Who He Really Is!

(Continued from page 58)

time he left Paramount and the necessity for his continuing the masquerade vanished, people had ceased to ask him about himself. Acquaintances were alienated by the hoax. Even his friends avoided the subject, believing him to be satisfied with things as they were.

When Ric returned to pictures after two years of voluntary exile while he nursed his beloved wife, Alma Rubens, he achieved an immediate screen popularity that far overshadowed his former success in silent films. He again became copy for the press, but the Cortez fable was so well-established that either out of courtesy to the man or because it was no longer news, inquiring reporters

did not inquire. Had they but known it, a real story was trembling on the tip of his tongue—waiting, just waiting, for someone to ask.

Then, after nearly ten years, a chap, braver than his fellows, broached the tabued topic with the question, "Will you play a Jew?"

And the simple, dignified reply, "Certainly. *I am a Jew.*"

A man without a country asserted himself. Gone was the great impersonation—gone all pretense and the necessity of loyalty in silence. A man stood revealed, demanding his birthright. At last—someone had asked him!



54 women told their doctors, "I can't use soap" . . . 52 of them now use Woodbury's!

# THE NATION-WIDE HALF

# FACE TEST

convinced them. But read about this test...and its thrilling results

When leading dermatologists in fourteen large American cities opened the Nation-wide Beauty Clinic, they found that many women refused to entrust their delicate complexions to any soap, no matter how fine.

54 of the 612 women who took part in the Clinic said, *very positively*, at first, "I cannot use soap on my skin. It is too dry and sensitive."

"Yes," the dermatologists agreed, "your skin is dry. It is sensitive. Certainly you could not use a strong or harsh soap. But . . . every skin, except a few that are really sick, *needs* a fine soap. Its use will improve the *tone* of your skin and so correct that abnormal sensitiveness."

So these 54 women, along with 558 others, took part in the dermatologists' "Half-face Test." For 30 consecutive days, each woman went on cleansing the left side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. On the right side, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Clinical skin examinations made at the end of the test revealed, conclusively, the superior action of Woodbury's. In 79% of the cases, the Woodbury side of the face showed a marked improvement over the side treated with other, and more expensive, preparations. Even normally good skins were clearer, finer, firmer, when cared for with Woodbury's.

With this proof before you of what Woodbury's can do, surely you want to try it on YOUR skin. A "skin you love to touch" is "a jewel beyond price." Yet Woodbury's Facial Soap costs but 25¢, less than a penny a day.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

**WHO TOOK PART** . . . 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

**THE TEST** . . . For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

**WHERE** . . . New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

**SUPERVISED BY** 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.\*

**RESULTS** . . . Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 106 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull, "uninteresting" skin.

\*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday evening, 9:30 P. M. E. S. T. . . . Leon Belasco and his orchestra  
WABC and Columbia Coast to Coast Network.



NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC  
BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

**COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE**  
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I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐  
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐  
Flabby Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

For sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp:  
Normal Scalp ☐ Dry Scalp ☐ Oily Scalp ☐

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# GLAZO



**gives the  
fascination  
that men admire**

Your first Glazo manicure will win the admiration of every man who sees you. For Glazo gives your fingernails a perfection of beauty that no other polish, however expensive, can quite attain.

The famous Glazo twin package contains *both* Liquid Polish and Remover—Natural, Deep Shell, Flame or Colorless, 50c. Bottles have bakelite caps with brush attached. The marvelous new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème, too, is only 50c. Get them today.

# GLAZO

**The Smart  
Manicure**



# CUT YOURSELF A PIECE OF LAKE!



Poke the prow of an Old Town Boat out in a rippled lake. Let the point of it part a pretty furrow along the bee-line to your favorite bass-hole. She glides without a shiver . . . gets you there in a wink. For Old Town Boats are built to knife the water at a speedy clip . . . light, easy to handle . . . reinforced for powerful out-board motors. Sturdy and steady and trouble-free.

Whether water is choppy or glassy-smooth, an Old Town glides on an even keel . . . banks beautifully on the turns. Get a free catalog. See the many models for every use. Sporting boats. Big, fast, all-wood seaworthy types for family use. All kinds of canoes; rowboats; dinghies. Lower prices. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 364 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

*"Old Town Boats"*

# TEN-SECOND REVIEWS

By J. E. R.

## Arsene Lupin

For their first co-starring picture, you'll probably be surprised to see John and Lionel Barrymore in a semi-comic detective melodrama. John is the smooth crook, Lionel the smooth detective. (M-G-M)

## The Beast of the City

The title applies to Jean Hersholt, chief of gangland, upon whom Walter Huston, chief of police, declares a highly disastrous war, carrying a heavy moral. (M-G-M)

## Behind the Mask

Lurid melodrama about dope smugglers and Federal narcotic agents, with Jack Holt one of the latter and Boris Karloff one of the former. Built along the lines of a serial. (Col.)

## Business and Pleasure

Based on Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Plutocrat," this reveals Will Rogers as a razor-blade magnate on a visit to Turkey and the bearded sheiks. Artificial and jerky, with the humor forced. (Fox)

## Cheaters at Play

When ex-crooks meet an ex-police chief, what happens? Thomas Meighan and William Bakewell run up against James Kirkwood on board a ship—and show you, entertainingly enough. (Fox)

## Cock of the Air

Gay nonsense about an actress who almost stopped the World War, and an American aviator who set out to tame her—with Billie Dove and Chester Morris clowning as they never have before. (U. A.)

## The Expert

Though starring Chic Sale, don't think the story is based on "The Specialist." Chic turns in a great characterization as the tottering war-horse of Edna Ferber's tale, "Old Man Minick." (W. B.)

## The Final Edition

The year's first newspaper play, but hardly the last—giving you still another slant on the life of a newspaper man (Pat O'Brien). More melodramatic than realistic. (Col.)

## Fireman, Save My Child

The screen's most wholehearted clown—Joe E. Brown—has a good time pretending to be a Don Juan in a red shirt. It's silly, but the fun is contagious. (F. N.)

## Freaks

Do the misshapen beings of the circus sideshows also have emotions? If you have the strength to see what happens to a trapeze artiste (Baclanova) when she betrays one of them, you'll say, "Yes"—and shiver. Unusual and sensational—and horrifying. (M-G-M)

## The Gay Caballero

Victor McLaglen plays Robin Hood in the wild, wild West, with George O'Brien for a pal—and there's plenty of hard ridin' and fightin' and lovin'. Above-the-average Western. (Fox)

## Girl Crazy

One of Broadway's better musical comedies—with the usual plot, but better-than-usual humor—gets a good break at the hands of Wheeler and Woolsey, Eddie Quillan and Dorothy Lee. (RKO)

## Girl of the Rio

Dolores Del Rio returns to the screen, after a year's absence, as beautiful as ever, and a better actress. The story, however, is one of those typical Mexican-border triangle things. (RKO)

## The Greeks Had a Word for Them

Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell show you all you need to know about gold-digging in New York. A wise, witty comedy—but if only the censors had spared their shears! (U. A.)

## Hell Divers

Wallace Beery proves again that he's one of the world's best actors—and submerges Clark Gable—in this dramatic spectacle of Uncle Sam's naval air fleet and the men who wear its uniforms. (M-G-M)

## Hell's House

The title indicates the reform school to which young Junior Durkin is sent for idolizing Pat O'Brien, bootlegger. It will make your blood boil about "reform" schools. (Capitol)

## Hotel Continental

Like "Grand Hotel," although the authors claim that their story was written earlier, this shows you a vivid cross-section of life by showing you the drama of a big hotel. Peggy Shannon stands out. (Tiffany)

## The Impatient Maiden

Unable to marry, a young hospital interne and his office-girl sweetheart almost let life cheat them of what they deserve. Fine acting by Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke in a human, sincere story. (Univ.)

## Ladies of the Jury

Edna May Oliver lends her wry humor (and her sniff!) to a whimsical conception of a court trial and a jury's deliberations. Not only amusing, but different. (RKO)

## Lady With a Past

Planning for her future, a society girl goes to Paris to acquire a "past"—and the result is not a heavy problem drama, but a clever, sophisticated comedy. Constance Bennett has never been more herself. (RKO-Pathé)

## The Lost Squadron

This picture is a regular bomb, so far as Hollywood is concerned—for it tells the inside story of how men have to risk their lives to make air pictures. Exciting drama, starring Richard Dix. (RKO)

## Lovers Courageous

A quiet, but affecting little love story about a struggling young playwright and a wealthy girl who gives up her family and wealth to marry him. Made real by Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans. (M-G-M)

## The Menace

One of the many mystery thrillers from the pen of the late Edgar Wallace, about a "dead" man who comes back. Blood-and-thunder stuff, with H. B. Warner and Walter Byron. (Col.)

## The Passionate Plumber

Buster Keaton, plumber, is hired as Irene Purcell's "cardboard lover," but misunderstands his assignment—with the sequel hilarious, though rough. P. S.—Jimmie Durante falls for Polly Moran! (M-G-M)

## Polly of the Circus

Marion Davies breaks away from comedy to make a talkie version of the w.-k. story about the circus star who falls in love with a minister (who's Clark Gable, this time). Nothing new, but well done. (M-G-M)

## The Road to Life

The first Soviet talkie—a graphic picturization of what happened to the "wild children" that infested Russia after the revolution. Unusual, with subtitles in English. (Amkino)

## The Scar

One known as "Scarface" and "The Shame of a Nation," this looks like the last word in gangland pictures. Paul Muni adds the finishing touch to what you think a gangster is really like. (U. A.)

## Service for Ladies

If you were sorry to see Leslie Howard leave Hollywood, you'll be glad to know that he's the star of this British-made picture—in the amusing rôle of a headwaiter whom women can't resist. (Par.)

## She Wanted a Millionaire

Based, I suspect, on the Nixon-Nirdlinger case of last summer, Joan Bennett's new picture shows her as a beauty-contest winner who unhappily marries an elderly millionaire. An effective moral-pointer. (Fox)

## The Silent Witness

When Greta Nissen is murdered, and his son is suspected, Lionel Atwill takes the blame, himself—until "the silent witness" appears at his trial, which is packed with suspense. You'll like newcomer Atwill. (Fox)

## Sky Devils

As the title would lead you to believe, this boasts some spectacular aviation—but in the main it's a robust comedy about two green rookies (Bill Boyd and Spencer Tracy), who bluff their way into the air corps. (U. A.)

## The Struggle

D. W. Griffith turns out a sob-story about what drink can do to a poor working-man (Hal Skelly), but overstates his case. (U. A.)

## Taxi!

James Cagney gets a real kick out of playing the part of a fighting young Irish taxi-driver who breaks up a strike, and treats you to a barrage of wisecracks and some fast action. (W. B.)

## Three Wise Girls

Jean Harlow, Mae Clarke and Marie Prevost acquire wisdom in the big city in *The Usual Manner*—but the surprise is that the figurative Jean is the one who stays unsmirched. (Col.)

## Tomorrow and Tomorrow

Ruth Chatterton, childless in her marriage, has a son by another man (Paul Lukas)—and life goes on. A poignant triangle story, well acted. (Par.)

## Trapped in a Submarine

Half-way between a short and a feature-length picture, this film reconstructs what happened when the British submarine, *Posidon*, sank. A real-life chiller. (British International)

## Wayward

Like "The Devil's Holiday," Nancy Carroll's new picture has her married to a chap (Richard Arlen) whose family try to wreck the marriage. Not so potent as its predecessor, however. (Par.)

## A Woman Commands

Pola Negri makes a big-time comeback in a comedy melodrama about a commoner who marries a king and proceeds to do the ruling. Besides emoting, the deep-voiced Pola sings—very well, thank you. (RKO)





## STOCKING S-T-R-A-I-N

comes when you cross knees, bend, stretch, pull your garters too tight. If elasticity has been destroyed, silk threads break, starting ruinous runs.

# STOP THOSE RUNS

*Preserve the ELASTICITY\*  
that makes stockings WEAR*

DO YOU KNOW what causes those ruinous runs?

New stockings are *elastic*—they *give* under strain, stretch and then spring back again. When this precious elasticity is destroyed, the silk threads, instead of giving, *break* under strain. At the least provocation! It is then that runs start!

That is why Lux is made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes the sheerest stockings really *wear*.

*\*The Lux Way to make stockings last twice as long*

*Wash after EACH wearing.* Perspiration left in stockings or underthings will actually rot the silk.

*Don't rub with cake soap.* It destroys elasticity, making the silk lifeless, apt to break into runs. With Lux there's no rubbing. Even stubborn spots come out perfectly if you gently press in a few dry Lux diamonds.

*Don't use too-warm water*—this fades color. With Lux you use lukewarm water. No hot water needed. The tiny

Lux diamonds—so sheer you can actually read through them—dissolve twice as fast, even in water at wrist temperature!

*Wash this 2-minute way:*

- 1 1 teaspoon of Lux for each pair of stockings.
- 2 Add lukewarm water to Lux; squeeze the gentle suds through stockings, rinse well

*Anything else will wear out stockings faster than Lux.*

LUX for stockings — *2 minutes a day  
keeps them like new*

MILLIONS  
of women find Lux in the dirt  
pan the world's cheapest beauty  
care for the hands. Costs less  
than 1¢ a day.



# OFFENSIVE **Odor** stopped for sure . . . Clothes saved!



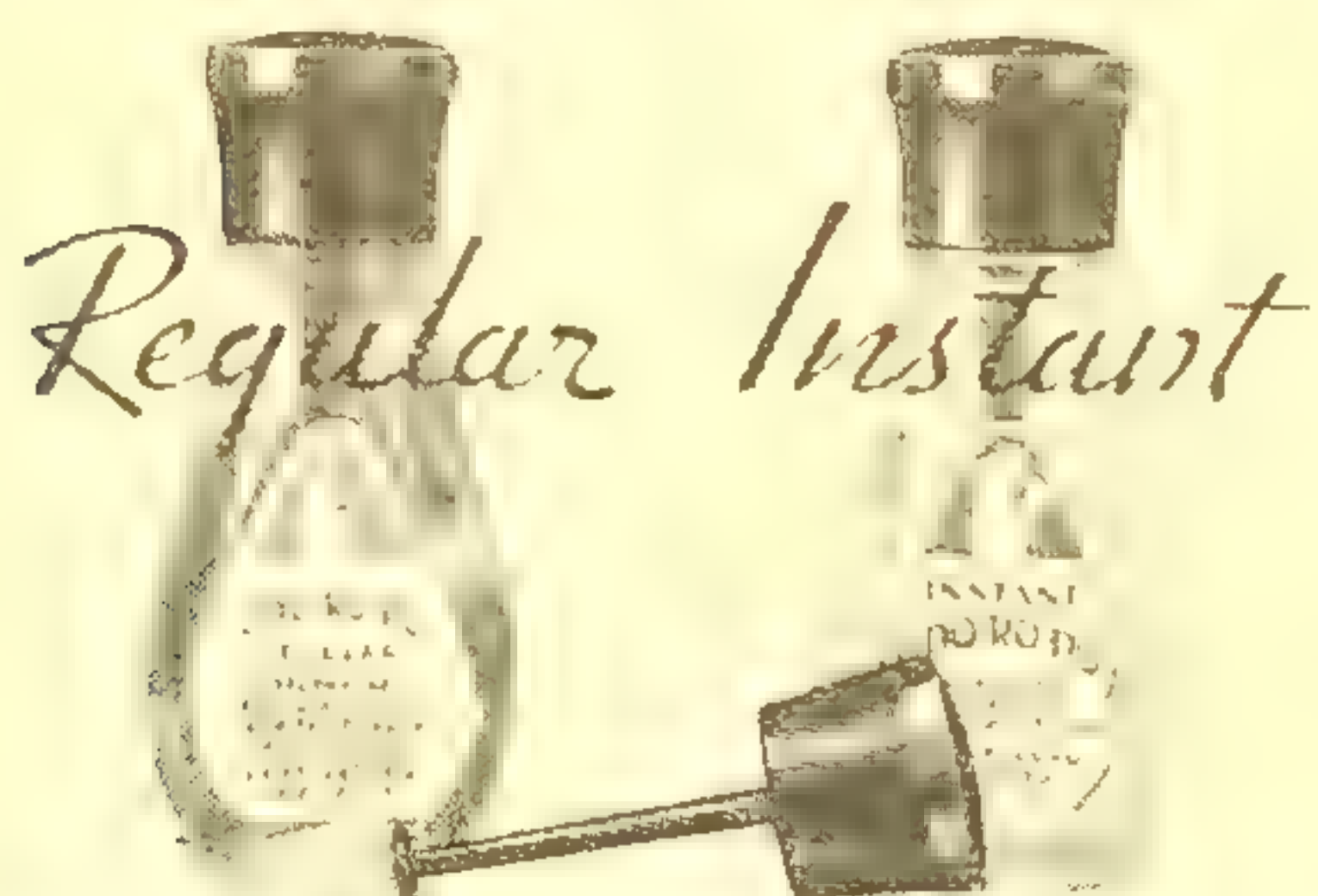
Armpit glands, because they're confined, perspire abnormally—cause odor repulsive to others (though seldom noticeable to oneself).

The onesure, safe way to avoid offensive odor is to use Odorono. Odorono is a doctor's prescription that prevents underarm odor and saves dresses from ruinous perspiration stains.

There are two kinds of Odorono. Odorono Regular is for use before retiring—gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odorono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

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# Clark Gable Destined to Be Even Greater Lover, His Handwriting Reveals

(Continued from page 51)

Clark Gable is what we graphologists would call a "late maturer" type and the latter years of his life will be much more interesting and satisfactory and productive of results than his past or his present existence. For he is probably somewhat restless and temperamental and introspective just now, as he is going through what our grandmothers used to call "growing pains"—and those are never very pleasant, either for the person suffering from them, or to the people with whom he is associated.

Notice the sharp downward stroke in the words "my" and "your," which shows that it is not always easy for him to be patient with the petty annoyances and bickerings and delays which are bound to crop up in the making of a motion picture. The person whose handwriting is large and flowing like Clark Gable's will never be interested in small matters, but in things that are constructive and progressive and not too slow in development. The people who deal with him must be careful not to push him too far or to be too demanding, for he may rise in his wrath and tell them where to go without any mincing of his words.

He can be very kind and pleasant and adaptable, but has very positive convictions of his own and can be a little fussy about some things. At the present time, however, he is sometimes too introspective and questioning to feel sure enough of himself and his abilities, because of this transition period through which he is now passing. When he has developed his character, as he is bound to do in the next few years, then let people beware of how they try to boss him or force him to do things that are too piffling! Clear the track if they do. He will be on his way, contracts or no contracts; for, while he likes money, he likes freedom more. When he meets with understanding and fairness and is allowed a chance to think for himself, however, he is almost too emotionally generous and kind and will return a hundred-fold what he has received.

## What Proves He's Ambitious

HE shows tremendous ambition and breadth of vision, as you will notice by the high, full loops of his handwriting—and he is so alive that it must be hard for him to be happy unless he is in action. He has great vitality and energy, which give him the magnetism that projects itself so powerfully from the screen; but he will need change and variety and plenty of occupation to keep from getting into unpleasant situations that are not of his own choosing.

Because of his complex nature, he is somewhat self-centered and very much interested in some things and careless and indifferent about others. In fact, he may be called lazy by people who do not understand this. He is tremendously versatile, as his handwriting indicates and his diversity of rôles proves, and yet he is simple in his tastes and almost conservative in his ideas and ideals.

He sometimes doubts his own ability to make his dreams become realities and is extremely sensitive to criticism, although he has plenty of confidence and assurance in anything that he feels he thoroughly understands. He will want to have his personal whims and ideas followed out as he plans them and is a little irritated by opposition, although he has common sense and does not let these whims interfere with his real ambitions.

## Will Be Even Greater Lover

AS to the personal side of his nature, which is what most of you are waiting to hear about: he has been so busy growing up, as it were, that he is not really emotionally ready for expansion. He has a love nature that is not ardent on the surface, but will become deep and intense in the fullness of time. There is no question that he can make a passionate lover on the screen, but in personal contacts it is harder for him to be satisfied with too much love-making and sentiment.

He will always attract interesting, stimulating and unusual women because of his mixture of the boy and the man—a combination that appeals to both the love nature and the mother instinct which all women possess. He will need love and companionship, but he will also need time to himself and can put his emotions aside in his interest in his work when necessary. He belongs to the Constructive Type—the type who are always able to keep their work and their love in separate compartments and seldom let the one interest interfere with the other, no matter what arises.

And so we have Clark Gable, as shown in his handwriting—no saint or paragon, but a real, red-blooded he-man, with faults and virtues like the rest of us. He is strong enough to fight his way to the top, when he is sure of what he wants to do; weak enough to need encouragement and praise from those who really understand and appreciate his unusual possibilities; sincere enough so that each year he lives should bring him greater happiness and success. As the Irish say, "More power to him."

## Who Is Louise Rice?

This simple, convincing analysis of the handwriting of Clark Gable is the first of an exclusive series that Louise Rice will present in **MOVIE CLASSIC**, writing of a different star each month. Marlene Dietrich comes next!

Miss Rice is America's foremost graphologist, and is world-famous for her studies of handwriting. She is author of many books on the subject, including "Character Shown in Handwriting," "Who Is Your Mate?", "By Whose Hand," "New Blood," and "The Girl Who Walked Without Fear."

In twenty-five years, more than a million specimens of handwriting have been analyzed by Miss Rice and a group of trained assistants. She has been consulted in baffling mysteries by Scotland Yard of England, Sureté of Paris, and police departments throughout the United States. You may remember that she was called in, only recently, in the Starr Faithfull murder mystery in New York—and asked to determine if certain letters had been written by the murdered girl or were forgeries.

In short, there isn't anyone who can tell more about character from handwriting than Louise Rice.—Editor.



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by Patricia Gordon

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## Is Lupe Velez Still In Love With Gary Cooper?

(Continued from page 26)

is of paramount importance, flared up. "Nobody can dare say Gary left me. I did it myself. Look! I *prove* to you!"

### Had to Find Gary's Letters

**H**EEDLESS of protest, she hurled the covers back and leapt out of bed. In bare feet, filmy lace nightgown feebly abetted by a short, scarlet satin jacket over her shoulders, she rushed to a tall cabinet. "I *prove* to you!" she reiterated, pulling open drawers, tumbling lingerie out onto the floor.

"My God!" she screamed suddenly. "Where are they? Where are my letters?" She raised her voice, importuning alternately in English and Spanish. From every direction, excited figures came running. Her mother, moaning and chattering; a housemaid, eyes wild; a cook, exclaiming, "Well, where could you have put them, baby?"; the butler, expressing gentlemanly concern from the door.

"Where are my letters?" cried Lupe. And rushed from cabinet to closet, to dresser, to desk, pulling out drawers, dumping their contents on the floor. Her hair careened about her face. The other women ran futilely after her. Finally, after a mighty dive into her dressing table, Lupe rose triumphant.

"I've got them!" she cried, her terrible furies vanishing in the gentle, happy smile she turned on the room.

"She's got them," the cry went over the house. "She's got them"—it was repeated throughout all the rooms. Abruptly the pandemonium subsided. Like an operetta chorus when the number is finished, the others receded from the room and Lupe, clutching a huge pile of letters tied in a ribbon, clambered back into bed. She hesitated a moment, as if in the excitement she had momentarily forgotten the purpose. Then, recollecting, drew out a letter.

### What Gary Wrote—After Break

**"LOOK,"** she said. "Read that." Remonstrances were of no avail. She thrust the letter under my eyes, pointed to certain lines and read them aloud. "Look. Look at this. And this," reading passages of letters written from Europe, heart-breaking and embarrassing for alien eyes to look upon. Yes, it was obvious that Gary—when these were written, which was after the break—still loved Lupe and hoped she would marry him. From all over Europe had come these wistful, pleading letters—he "prayed that next time he saw Rome, his little Lupe would be with him; that he could bring her to Paris as his bride; that they might honeymoon peacefully through southern France . . ."

"You see now. He loves me. And I loff him. Never again shall I loff anyone so much. I loff him as long as I live. If ever he needed me in any way, I'd go to him. If he were broke, I'd sell my house, even my jewelry, to help him. If he were seck, I'd go to him if it meant walking for miles through storms.

"We had troubles, yes." Her eyes snapped with anger. "It make me so mad to see him have to work so hard. It make me furious. Poor sweet boy!"

"And now guess what!" she exclaimed, giving vent to the inevitable little demons of jealousy present in any feminine heart. "Now Gary is going with a Countess. She is crazy about him. She followed him back to America, the first time he went abroad. He is with her all the time. She is old. She

is probably forty and her arms are like this—" Lupe gave a graphic illustration of wonderfully fat arms sagging fleshily. "Well, his mother will be pleased anyway, because it is a Countess."

She flung herself sideways on the bed, her face doleful, speculating unhappily on what might have come to pass, had Gary's family considered her "good enough for him." Her simple, honest little heart had received a wound it would always carry.

### Her Life Since Their Parting

**M**ORE than eight months have passed since Lupe broke with Gary. In the succeeding interval, she has been pictured as being gayer than ever, she has seen Europe, herself, in company with John Gilbert, and has been widely headlined as about to marry Randolph Scott. Things happen to Lupe.

In fact, so fast do things happen to Lupe that she is several degrees beyond the reporter's dream of "good copy." By the time a breathless interviewer has reached his office and knocked out the Great Velez Scoop, Lupe has already forgotten her intent of the moment. It is impossible to write "spot news" about Lupe. When it appears, it is just history.

The day I interviewed her, in her huge bedroom—a room whose decorative scheme will still be futuristic many years from now—she happened to be ill, a rare experience in Lupe's life.

"I had one of my spells. A sinking spell. Suddenly, I feel all funny like—like an airplane in a tailspin, I guess. I didn't get home till five this morning. Never have I had so much fun! I laugh—oh, how I laugh. That is why I am seck now. I laugh myself seck!"

But she wanted to forget herself. What did I want—cigarettes, another cushion, a stool for my feet, a little cognac? "It's so cold to-day. Have cognac, yes?" A maid responded to Lupe's commands. From her deep concern, it was evident that she was convinced I would be fainting on the spot if the girl didn't hurry. And then I asked her about Randolph Scott.

### Swears Rumors Aren't True

**"I SWEAR** to you—on the Bible and my mother's life!—that it is not so!" Thus Lupe, her voice shaking with rage, indignation and her cold, denied any intention of marrying Randolph Scott, who was a bit startled by the rumors, himself.

Lupe's outburst again brought her mother—a very stout woman with a broad, smiling face. She joined Lupe in a shrill, excited conversation in which both appeared to be talking at once. Their gestures were large, profoundly excited. Whenever there was, accidentally, a pause, Lupe's mother relapsed into what seemed a habitual attitude hands clasped on ample bosom, eyes focused in passionate admiration and deep amazement on this remarkable flower she had produced and who had precipitated her simple family into incredible luxury. When Lupe explained that she was having an interview, her mother cried out in comprehension and trotted from the room, her wide, kindly face wreathed in polite smiles.

Lupe is now making "The Broken Wing," with Melvyn Douglas at Paramount—her first picture since her return from Europe, and a picture, incidentally, that was once scheduled for Gary Cooper. She had never been to Europe before. How had she liked it?



"Europe is no good. Those taxi horns in Paris—they drove me crazy—always 'Peep! Peep! Peep!' Oh, I don't think so much of Europe. I was so a back. I couldn't wait to see Leebeerty again. And then, when in, there was a fog and I couldn't see her after all."

As has been nationally headlined, Lupe made the return journey in the company of John Gilbert. This definite hint of a cinematic romance made reporters happy for several weeks.

"But it is not so!" She sat up in bed. "When I am in loft, I shout it from the roof. You know that. Jack is a wonderful man. So sweet. So cheerful. We laugh—ah, how we laugh. Sure, we have a flirtation. But that is all."

Her earnestness mounted, the actress in her unconsciously responding with pleasure to the occasion. "Why, I have not seen him in seven days. Sometimes he calls up and says, 'How is Miss Velez?' Sometimes I call up and say, 'How is Mister Gilbert?'"

She was gradually constructing a case of proof that she scarcely knew the man. Pleased, she continued. "Look, I *prove* to you! I *prove* to you how there is nothing to the story."

She snatched up the telephone and dialed Gilbert's number, her simple, guileless heart delighted with this triumph of subtlety. "Hello," she said briskly. "Could I speak to Mr. Gilbert? Hello dar—, hello Jack. How are you?"

#### John Didn't Get the Cue

BEFORE she could go on, Gilbert's voice, inescapably audible, charged the 'phone with a stream of conversation sprinkled with endearments, intimacies. Lupe's jaw fell, her eyes grew round with dismay. Her plan had somehow gone awry—she didn't quite know why and her unaccustomed subtlety had deserted her. She didn't know what to do. Finishing her call in confusion, she hung up and looked at me in embarrassment.

"Well," she said weakly, "I didn't expect all that. I don't . . ." her voice trailed off to futility.

Desperately she cast about for something to distract my attention. "Ever since I come back from Europe, I am happier than I have been in all my life! I loff California. I loff it truly. When I went away, I am miserable. Mr. Ziegfeld wants me to go into the Follies, but I am miserable in New York, after the first few days—away from my mother and my family. And it is so cold there. I like to lie in the sun. I like to go to sleep in the sun. Think! I have my family, my dear friends, my freedom, my jewelry. I have everything. How could I be not happy!"

By the time I left, she was gay, excited, voluble.

For Lupe, the last hour is forgotten, the approaching hour without importance. This moment is hers. She has her family, her freedom, her dear friends, her jewelry. She is happy. And Gary will be back in Hollywood in a few days—back from his first trip up the Nile—within telephone range again.

#### Did You Know That—

Tom Mix celebrated his complete recovery from peritonitis by marrying for the third time—wedding Mabel Ward, circus aerialist, at Mexicali, Mexico (near where he was once almost executed by a Mexican firing squad)?

Colleen Moore, who said a year ago that she was through with the screen, has just married Al P. Scott, New York broker?



"I don't care  
*who* comes!  
I won't be here!"

He doesn't know what's the matter with her! He hasn't the faintest notion that many, many times of late she's been cut to the quick because all the attention she *used* to get goes to younger women! He doesn't know that today she looked into the mirror by bright daylight, and recognized with a terrific thud of tragedy that she looked old—old—old!

She shouldn't be tragic! There's something she can *do* about it!

Do you realize that 70% of a woman's youth lies in her *skin*? Your hair could be snow-white—but if your skin is fresh, soft, unlined and young, you'd *look* young!

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(Formerly \$5.00) Now in a new \$1.00 size package  
**Permanently Destroys Hair**

# Wallace Beery tells how it feels to be "Dead" for an hour

(Continued from page 25)

frightened. Nor was he amused at the absurdity of the thing. He felt no immediate desire for action—to deny the story. He says the closest that words can come to describing his emotions is to state that what he felt was—a certain calm *thoughtfulness*.

There is a popular belief that the entire events of a lifetime will flash before the mind's eye of a drowning man. Something akin to that happened to Wallace Beery as he sat there after listening to his own death notice. People, and places and colors, stored in the back of his mind since childhood, flashed into memory in less time than it takes to tell about them... fragments of his days as a "helping hand" with the circus... his brother, Noah, as a boy... his first great screen hit in "Robin Hood"... the day he fell in love with Gloria Swanson, his first wife... the day he met and loved Rita, his present wife... Hollywood, and its people in his life... the old gateman at the studio... the newspaper boys he laughed and kidded with.

### First Calmed His Wife

LIKE a projectionist gone mad, his memory unreeled scene after scene of thoughts. Just a second it took... just a split-second before he was around the table with his great, big hand on Rita's shoulder.

"Now," he chided calmly, "what's this? Now, now..." She began to laugh quietly through her tears.

She said: "Like Mark Twain's, the report of your death has been greatly exaggerated."

Wally smiled. He went over and stood before the radio that had proclaimed his death to the world. It had grotesquely enough gone into a program of dance melodies after the shocking "news" announcement. He did not turn it off.

The telephone rang. "Wally, for God's sake, is this you, Wally?" It was the voice of his close friend, Eddie Mannix, M-G-M production executive.

"Yeah," said Wally, because Wally always says "yeah."

For a moment the man at the other end of the wire could not speak. Finally he managed to say "... the radio... just heard something crazy... the studio is wild... the newspaper boys are here... their offices are being swamped with calls... You're all right, Wally?"

"Sure," said Wally. "Tell everybody everything is all right. See you a little later on."

He didn't particularly want to talk over the telephone—even to his best friend. The drama of the situation still clutched his imagination. *This is what would have happened if the report had been true. This is what would be going on if Wallace Beery had dropped dead in his dressing-room!*

Mannix had said the newspaper offices were being deluged with hundreds of telephone calls, from strangers, from people who knew him only on the screen.

Two weeks later when Wally told me his story, he said that this one fact was rushed home to him more vividly than anything else: *The public really cares!*

"Somehow or other," he said, "I'd never thought of anything along that line to any great extent. Or if I had, I had always figured that the folks who write to us, and stand in large crowds to see us, were just curious. But in that hour that I was 'officially dead,' I thought of a great many things that had never occurred to me before. The whole experience has given me a different slant on a lot of things.

"I don't want this to sound like bunk, but somehow I feel a sense of obligation to the folks who come to see my pictures. Say, don't make this sound *hammy*, will you?—but somehow I want each picture to be better than the last one. To be clean and decent and fit for kids to see. I want the characters I play to be real—not goody-goody heroes—but honest-to-God real men like 'The Champ' and *Windy* in 'Hell Divers' and the good-hearted bum in 'Min and Bill.'

"And that's why, so help me God, I was going to clear out of this business and let everything go hang before I'd play such a part as the fat, sensuous German sheik in 'Grand Hotel.' As that rôle was first written, there wasn't one decent thing about the man; he was rotten. I'd rather quit than play such a character to throw in the teeth of those people who—well, called up and were sorry about me when they heard the fake news."

For fake news it most certainly was—a shocking mistake of those who had "tuned in" on the broadcast without picking up what had gone before, and who had, themselves, spread the report over the whole city. The announcer had been telling the plot of "The Champ," which was playing at a local theatre, in which story the prize-fighter played by Wally dies of heart failure in his dressing-room—and is discovered dying by his small, worshipful son (Jackie Cooper). The announcer meant the Wally of the picture, not the real Wallace Beery—but his tone was so dramatic and his choice of words so unfortunate that sixty minutes passed before the confusion was cleared away.

### What Life Means to Him

"THEY changed that part in 'Grand Hotel' to suit me," continued Wally. "I'm not kidding you, and I wasn't kidding the studio either—I'd rather quit holding on to that confidence and respect and feeling that people have for me, than play the rôle as it was first written. If my career can't further that feeling—then my career is no longer important to me. Just as I thought to myself, that hour I sat home thinking over my 'death': 'If it was true that you had checked out, you'd have gone with the satisfaction of knowing you'd left a decent, respectable memory of your work. That's more than something—it's a lot!'"

"I guess you know that Rita and I have recently adopted three children. A distant relative of my wife's just died, leaving three kids—George, who's nine; William, who's four; and the baby, Carol Anne. I can't tell you the happiness they have brought into our lives—and I know we're going to be proud of 'em. Well, I figure it's just as much my duty to make *them* proud of me. They've given us something to live for. If being an actor means I have to play rôles that aren't my style—then I don't want to be an actor. Life holds too many wonderful things besides celebrity and a pocketbook.

"I said to Rita the other day: 'If worse comes to worst, how would you like to go up to the mountain cabin for the rest of your life? You and the kids and I and some bacon and beans and a couple of good horses. How would you like to pack your ermine coat away in mothballs, and sell the cars and rent the house in Beverly Hills?' Say, do you think for a minute she wouldn't go?"

"You bet she would! I learned a lot about Rita—it was written in her eyes—when that radio fellow said: 'Wallace Beery is discovered dead in his dressing-room...'"



# How To Create Fascinating Beauty

## WITH HOLLYWOOD'S

# MAGIC SECRET of

# MAKE-UP



GENEVIEVE TOBIN, Universal star in "Seed" says: "One must be careful to avoid off-color make-up, and that is why I prefer my own color harmony in 'Society Make-Up' exclusively."



SYDNEY FOX, Universal star, in "Strictly Dishonorable," and MAX FACTOR, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using the correct color harmony shade of lipstick.

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IN Hollywood, we have found that make-up's secret of attraction is correct color harmony in powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow for each type...for each variation in blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

We proved that off-colors in powder or rouge or lipstick mar beauty; cause complexion colorings to appear spotty, "loud" and even grotesque.

Under blazing motion picture lights the faults of haphazard make-up were quickly visible. Unseen clashes in color or faulty texture were picked up by the searching camera lens.

Thus, through this unique experience in such a trying testing laboratory, with beauty worth millions at stake, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, created a new kind of make-up, based on his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's, and in every picture released

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You'll also receive copy of Max Factor's 48-page illustrated book...*"The New Art of Society Make-up."* It tells how to make-up a dry skin; how to make-up an oily skin. How to create a satin-smooth make-up that lasts for hours. Gives answers to twelve troublesome make-up problems. Mail coupon now.

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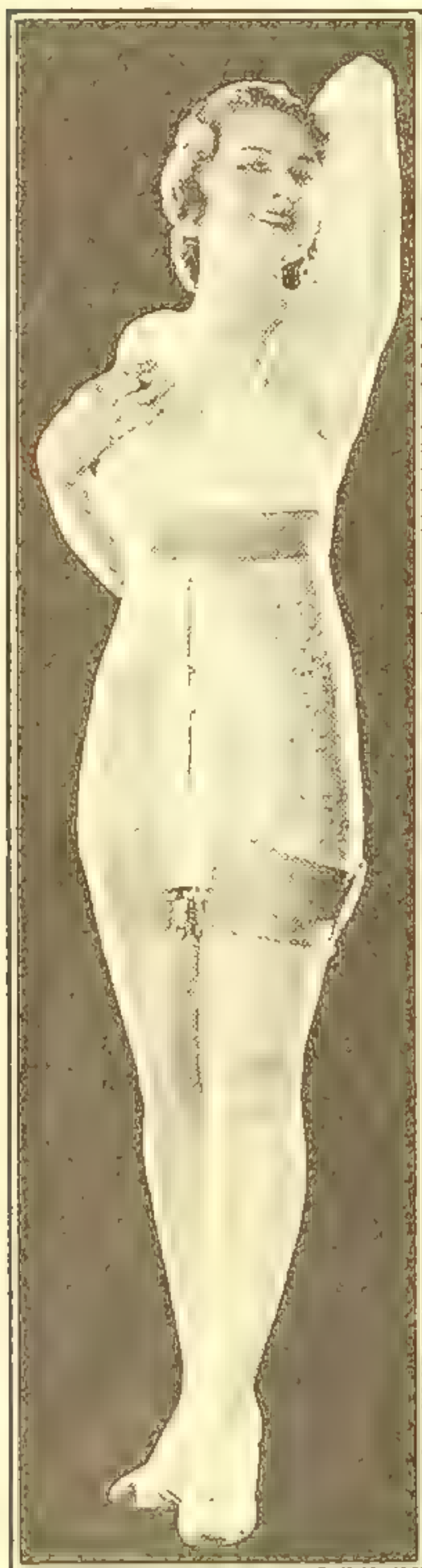
City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
Golden <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS <input type="checkbox"/>
		BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>



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Name .....

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City ..... State .....

Color of my hair .....

# Elissa Landi's Own Story About Her Grandmother, Empress Elizabeth

(Continued from page 43)

too proud for deceit, that she invariably  
speaks the truth. Hence, if she said to you,  
"I am the granddaughter of Elizabeth, the  
Empress of Austria," you would believe her  
at once, even without that "proof" of  
which she speaks so scornfully.

### Where Her Detractor Was Wrong

"IN her magazine article," Elissa con-  
tinued, "this woman made several  
misstatements. She said those in Court  
circles smiled at the idea of Grandmother's  
having a secret daughter. This shall be dis-  
proved in a moment. She also claimed that  
mother's book, 'The Secret of an Empress,'  
was turned down by an Italian publisher—a  
statement that is absolutely untrue. I, my-  
self, have met the very publisher and heard  
him tell of the excitement around his office  
the day the manuscript was accepted and  
rushed to press, as well as of his consterna-  
tion when he discovered that the book could  
never be printed in Italy—suppressed by  
Hapsburg power.

"I was only seven years old then, but I  
remember the meeting distinctly, from my  
first curtsy to the publisher's farewell. He  
understood Mother's reason for writing it—  
to win royal recognition for her children.  
The book was eventually published in  
England in 1914, but the War prevented  
any acknowledgment from the Hapsburgs  
—and Franz-Joseph died before the War  
was over. Not long afterward, Emperor  
Charles, his son, was overthrown, and died  
in exile. The monarchy was ended.

"This American woman referred to my  
mother's book and to a magazine article, and  
vehemently denied a statement that never  
was made—that the Emperor Franz-Joseph  
was alleged to be my grandfather. I'm sure  
that if she carefully re-read the article and  
the book, she would discover that they  
refrain from any comment on the subject.

"I, myself, do not know definitely wheth-  
er or not the Emperor Franz-Joseph was  
my grandfather. Those things are so difficult  
to prove. I do know, however, that one of  
the most glorious things in my grand-  
mother's life was her friendship for King  
Ludwig II of Bavaria. A few weeks ago,  
there came into my possession a sheaf of  
letters written to my grandmother by  
Ludwig; they were beautiful things, highly  
romantic."

And after a moment of silent reverie,  
Elissa said that she considered the friend-  
ship of Elizabeth and Ludwig one of the  
most romantic episodes in history. "They  
held secret trysts, hidden away from the  
world, on that divine Isle of Roses..."

### The Unhappy Empress

JUST a word of explanation for this  
strange friendship between Elizabeth,  
the Empress of Austria, and Ludwig, called  
"the mad King of Bavaria"—as related to  
me by Elissa. Both were of the Bavarian  
Wittlesbach stock, independent, freedom-  
loving people. And it wasn't long after  
marrying the Emperor Franz-Joseph that  
Elizabeth discovered it would be utterly  
impossible to exist in the atmosphere of  
formal restraint and tradition common to  
the House of Hapsburg. When one after  
another of her first three children were  
taken from her to be reared by the stern  
Archduchess Sophia, she became disgusted,  
and determined that her next child should  
be raised away from Court and that until  
then she would seek escape, herself, in a life  
of lonely, but comparatively pleasant  
travel.

In the meantime, Ludwig hoped to for-  
get his love for Elizabeth by becoming  
engaged to her sister, Helen. A remarkable  
resemblance existed between the two sis-  
ters; but nevertheless Ludwig found it  
impossible to forget. At odd hours of the  
night, he would awaken Helen—not to  
mention her long-suffering father, Duke  
Max—and then, without waiting for her to  
dress and come down to the salon, he would  
toss a bouquet of roses on the piano and  
dash madly out into the night. No wonder  
Ludwig was called mad! But it is obvious  
that his eccentricities developed from a  
futile desire to forget his all-consuming  
passion for Elizabeth.

Finally, the Empress and the "mad"  
King found mutual healing in opening their  
hearts to one another. They chose as their  
meeting place the Isle of Roses, situated in  
the Lake of Starnburg between Feldafing  
and Munich. Hour after hour, they con-  
versed in that little summer house in the  
center of the Isle, shielded by thousands of  
the loveliest roses in existence, the scent  
from which wafted even to the mainland.

### Faithful to the End

LUDWIG went to the isle on his steam  
yacht, *Tristan*, while Elizabeth in-  
variably hired a boat of her own. If for any  
reason Elizabeth should arrive at the  
trysting place and Ludwig could not  
appear, being prevented by affairs of state,  
she would write him a tender note, sign it  
"The Dove," and leave it in a secret hiding  
place. Likewise, if Ludwig arrived at the  
Island only to find Elizabeth absent, he  
also would leave a note, signing his, how-  
ever, "The Eagle." When it was impossible  
for either to go to the island, Elizabeth on  
occasion would suddenly appear in Lud-  
wig's study at Schloss Berg—another proof  
that she was unconventional.

When their meetings grew more infre-  
quent, Ludwig's eccentricities became ac-  
centuated. Finally a group of cabinet  
ministers adjudged him insane. With a  
doctor for a companion, he was incarcerated  
in the Schloss Berg. When he discovered  
that men were on the way to persecute him  
further, he ran from the castle to the shore  
of Lake Starnburg, within sight of the Isle  
of Roses, and there killed the doctor and  
committed suicide.

When Elizabeth had been admitted to  
the room in the castle where Ludwig's body  
had been laid, she collapsed to the floor in a  
deep swoon. So slowly did she regain con-  
sciousness that her mind was still clouded  
when she shrieked: "Take the King out of  
the vault! He's not dead! He only feigns  
death so he may be at peace without tor-  
mentors!" At the funeral the casket of the  
"mad" King was literally surrounded by  
wreaths. One single flower, however, rested  
on his breast, a spray of jasmine, Eliza-  
beth's last gift to Ludwig.

### Memories of Elissa's Mother

"AND now," Elissa Landi remarks rather  
sadly, "the Isle of Roses is nothing  
but a bit of burnt land covered with  
brush..." She then goes on to say that  
after the King's death, the Empress told  
Caroline, Elissa's mother, to cherish the  
name of Ludwig forever.

"And Caroline," she added, "you have  
lost the dearest friend you ever had." Mother  
never will forget that day. Nor will she  
forget the visits the Empress made her  
while she was being brought up in Vienna  
by a family called Kaiser. She had her own  
ideas as to how Mother should be raised,



ideas that elicited no approval from the Hapsburg court. Grandmother had a mind of her own, and since she was something of a firebrand she was a constant source of anxiety to the House of Hapsburg. That she was romantic, there can be no doubt. Among a sheaf of papers, now in my possession, I've found some of her poems, entrancing things. However, as to whether her inspiration was the stern Hapsburg Emperor or the Bavarian King one can only guess.

"But, as I said, I do know positively that the Empress Elizabeth is my grandmother. Last week the Baroness —, living in Los Angeles, received a letter from the Baroness Marie Louise von Wallersee of Munchen, Bavaria, Germany, which she gave to my mother, who is now visiting me. It contained the proof I sought.

"Here, then, is a translation of the letter which was written in German:

### The All-Important Proof

My dear Baroness:

I believe the time has come for me to break my silence. When the Countess Landi's book appeared in 1914, I attempted vainly to get in touch with her, but being in Germany at the time, the war prevented me from doing so. Afterward, the controversy seemed to have subsided. I had many preoccupations of my own and we remained strangers to one another.

Now the present revival of the controversy has reached even me in my seclusion. I am now too old (about seventy-four) either to gain or suffer through my disclosure.

I believe that I am the only surviving intimate member of the Empress Elizabeth's entourage who saw the whole affair through. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria did indeed secretly give birth to a daughter at the Chateau de Susselot, and Elissa's mother is that daughter.

I am sorry this is the only statement I can make at the moment. Lack of space prevents me from going further into detail. I feel it is a matter of urgency that Elissa Landi should no longer be molested by people who pretend to know the story, but who, in reality, only wish to give themselves importance. Some of the publications make the allegation that Countess Landi says she was born in 1887, and openly claims to be the daughter of King Ludwig of Bavaria. Another that she claimed to be the daughter of Emperor Franz-Joseph. In her book she distinctly says that she was born in 1882 and never makes any allusions to her father at all.

In an American magazine article, I again read the preposterous description of how the Empress fell off her horse and was carried insensible to the castle. The Empress was the most intrepid and experienced horsewoman of her time and it was the boast of her life that no horse had ever been able to throw her. That same strangely-misinformed writer states that in 1882 the Empress was forty-seven years of age. In 1882 the Empress was forty-three years of age.

In the same article, it is stated all my relatives knew Countess Landi's story and laughed at it! That is NOT so. My relatives knew the story and WERE AFRAID OF IT!

I only point out these errors to emphasize the superficiality of such articles. I shall be glad it is my lot to banish, once and for all, these ugly rumors, and in that way dispel the only shadow that seems to darken the life of a young woman who may be destined to become as romantic a figure in her time, as her grandmother was in hers.

Signed:

Baroness Marie Louise von Wallersee

"It was noble of the Baroness to send on this information," Elissa concludes. "She has proved to the world that which I've always known, and now, so far as I am concerned, the matter is dropped forever. For as I've often repeated, I live in the present and look to the future, not to the past."

## You are in a BEAUTY CONTEST every hour of every day!

A CAKE of Camay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Camay your skin will glow with new, deep cleanliness!



The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief! What impression would you make if you were in her Beauty Contest? Every man, from office boy to president, responds to clean, natural loveliness.



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

YOU have only to look at a cake of Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women to know why 73 eminent skin doctors commend its use. Camay is creamy-white! There's no coloring matter—no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. It is delicate, gentle, safe for that precious skin of yours. Luxurious Camay lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin has regained its natural shell-like beauty. It is soft, too—and smooth as flower-petals! You are in a Beauty Contest, every hour of every day. Let Camay help you win!

# CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



# Put those lazy mouth glands back to work . . .

MODERN living conditions—strain, noise, haste—have made our mouth glands lazy. The fluids which should be cleansing our teeth and mouths are no longer flowing freely. Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum made especially to help overcome this unhealthy and unpleasant condition.



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As soon as you start to chew delicious Dentyne the beneficial mouth fluids start flowing. They cleanse the teeth, check mouth acids and purify the breath. What a delightful way to keep the mouth healthy! And Dentyne contains a special ingredient to keep teeth white.



Chew delicious  
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Complete \$5 Professional Plastic Outfit, including 3 Large Jars of Creams, used. **SEND NO MONEY!** I will send you the outfit for 98¢ postage with postman on delivery. **NEW BEAUTY INSTANTLY!** Watch aging skin grow young! All wrinkles go, tired lines vanish instantly! Skin clears, blemishes go quick! If not thrilled with your new youth and beauty, return the unused portion within 10 days and I will refund your deposit without question. The youth and beauty gained then costs you nothing! If you keep it there is no more to pay. **MAIL COUPON TODAY**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

what seemed to be a thoroughly reliable moving concern, but just to be on the safe side she thought a little extra assurance might not be amiss. After pointing out several heavy pieces of antique furniture, she said—

"Now that is awfully heavy. Are you sure you can handle it?"

"Lady," replied the muscular gent with injured dignity, "we've moved Marie Dressler."

**FEBRUARY** fourth was a sort of birthday for the motion picture industry in Hollywood. Twenty-four years ago on that day production started on the very first fillum to be produced on the flicker coast. It was a super-super special entitled "Across the Divide," and it ran all of one whole reel. The studio was in the backyard of a Chinese laundry owned by Sing Loo. The sun provided the only light at hand, and the actors dressed behind a fence. The ladies dressed in the laundry, probably while Sing Loo wasn't looking.

Most of the names in the cast have long since been forgotten. Only the late Tom Santschi, to become famous afterward as the hero of the screen's first serial, is still remembered. He, at least, went on to fame and some fortune. The other pioneers of a great industry are not remembered.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

"I'VE finally discovered the meaning of 'temperament,'" said the famous movie star. "It's disagreeing with the producer."

**THE** big problem has been settled at last. George Bancroft will not wear a beard in "Red Harvest." That manly phiz will not be covered with hirsute shrubbery, and you won't have to look at your program to discover the identity of the star.

Paramount, not going in much now for high-salaried stars, is rumored to be a bit upset at the considerable stipend Bancroft is collecting every week. They're reported to be quite intrigued with the idea of Mr. Charles Bickford, also a big he-man.

Bickford, incidentally, is not interested in term contracts, no matter how big they come. He has plenty of money of his own, and he has discovered that no star has much to say about his pictures without constant battling. The big boy is coming back strong these days. He will appear opposite Tallulah Bankhead in her next picture, and offers are pouring in.

**ADD** to flickertown anecdotes: The great screen lady who would not wear patches and tatters to the hard-times party of the Mayfair Club. She could not allow her public to see her in anything less than Patou's best. Will Edna May Oliver please give a good sniff for me?

**NOW** there's nothing funny about pleurisy, but the very idea of Lupe Velez suffering from it strikes me as funny. It just sounds like one of those things that Lupe would never, never have. For one thing I always thought she was too lively to catch anything like that. At any rate it kept her away from "The Broken Wing" company for four days. Incidentally, a picture is pretty dull business for the Mexican madcap if she can't flirt with her leading man. Fredric March is the star in "The Broken Wing," and Freddie's reputation would make that of Caesar's wife look



like a spotted boarding house tablecloth. It must be rather prosaic for Lupe, and she probably just sits and knits between scenes.

If the stock market hasn't completely cured you of taking chances, Hollywood is betting two to one that Lupe and Gary will "kees and make up" when the tall man from Montana returns to these parts in the Spring.

**N**EVERY little is said of the Motion Picture Relief organization, but the film people take care of their own when hard times come rolling around. As much as \$30,000 a month has been spent, and as many as 40,000 meals monthly have been given the needy. Work is carried on quietly, secretly, and with the utmost dignity.

Some of the names on the list of the needy would astound you. Stars of other days who have fallen into dire poverty are being cared for. Not long ago a once-noted woman star was found living in a garage. There was a time when her pictures packed theatres from Maine to California, but with youth gone, beauty faded, and money squandered in more opulent days, she could not even find extra work.

No outside help is ever asked by this organization. And in addition to their own charity work, the studios of Hollywood went over the top in the recent Community Chest campaign of the City of Los Angeles.

**T**HEY are telling this on Harpo Marx. The most elfin of the *freres* Marx was a guest at a party. He followed up his introduction to each pretty lady by requesting a kiss. The host, amused at first, finally took him to task.

"You'll have to stop that, Harpo," he protested. "If you must do those things, try to be more diplomatic. Lead up to it gracefully."

Harpo listened, round-eyed, and seemed impressed. He met another beautiful girl.

"Have you seen 'Mata Hari'?" he asked very, ver-ry politely.

"Why, yes," she answered.

Harpo's eyes beamed.

"And now may I kiss you?"

**H**ERE and There in Hollywood: Barbara Bebe Lyon was christened with fitting ceremonies in February. Weren't Ma Bebe and Pa Ben proud? There will be another permanent boarder in the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello hilltop home very soon now. Clarence Brown, who directs, and Dorothy Burgess, who acts, are awfully much that way about each other. According to New York chatter, Ona Munson and Ernst Lubitsch, who were scheduled to wed come springtime, have definitely broken—with Ona in the East and Ernst on the Coast. Lucille Webster Gleason and son, Russell Gleason, have celebrated another joint birthday. They were born on the same day—oh, different years, of course, and my, it does save money in cakes. Doug Fairbanks has sailed away on another travel expedition to the South Seas. Mary is alone at Pickfair again. Wonder if she's ever sorry she married a traveling man? Doug, Jr. and Joan have bought a movie projection machine. Now they can have their own talkies right at home. Billie Dove, after breaking hearts right and left in New York, has moved on to Palm Beach. They say it has been a dull season there. Bet the Palm Beach Chamber of Commerce coaxed Billie down. She's a better attraction than summer weather.



## Avoid self-infection by using **KLEENEX** disposable **TISSUES** instead of handkerchiefs

**C**OLDS are costly, both in health and money. Do you realize how costly?

Do you realize that colds are the starting point for a whole list of serious and expensive illnesses? That colds cause more time lost from work, more absences from school, than any other disease?

It is good sense and good business to take every precaution the moment you notice the first sign of a cold in yourself or any member of your family.

### Start using Kleenex at once

Stop using handkerchiefs when the first snuffle starts! Handkerchiefs collect germs—cause constant self-infection, if you use them over and over.

The only *safe* handkerchief is one you can use and destroy—Kleenex disposable tissues.

Kleenex costs so little that you use each tissue only once. Then you destroy it, before it has a chance to self-infect you or spread infection through the family. Kleenex is soft,

comfortable—and relieves you of all handkerchief washing. Children especially need Kleenex because they catch cold so easily and so often develop serious complications.

The value of Kleenex in beauty care is well known. Used for removing cleansing cream, it prevents any risk of leaving bits of oil and dirt in the pores. Mothers find it saves clothes when giving children cod liver oil or medicines, or when applying ointments.

### Now costs less

The big supply of Kleenex that formerly cost 50 cents, is now priced regularly at 35 cents! Buy several boxes at this low price—one for each room in the house! Every drug, dry goods and department store sells Kleenex.

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Now 35c**

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**BLUE-JAY**  
DOES THE TRICK  
WISH  
I'D TRIED IT  
SOONER"



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And then the mild medication loosens the corn for early removal. Soon you're on easy feet!

Don't run infection-risk by cutting or paring corns. Insist on this safe treatment—genuine Blue-jay, the medicated Corn Plaster, made for thirty years by a noted surgical dressing house. All druggists, six for 25c.

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## Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 24)

gether, and Joan and Norma always seem to have so little to talk about!

REPORTS from New York hint that Jeanette Loff (remember the lovely Loff?) will soon become the bride of a well-known Broadway playboy. If this is true, Jeanette will probably join the ranks of Phyllis Haver, Ruth Taylor, Jane Winton and several others, who have turned their valuable backs on a career in favor of matrimony in a Park Avenue salon or a Greenwich Village penthouse.

BILLIE DOVE'S favorite laugh partner is Charlie Lederer, who authored most of "Cock of the Air." Nothing serious to this one—Charlie just knows the best jokes and wisecracks and Billie, in spite of her drowsy beauty, loves laughter.

SARI MARITZA (pronounced Shar-ee Ma-reetza) says she doesn't care what they call her as long as they don't make it "Sorry" Maritza. Unfortunately enough, that is the most common pronunciation.

Sari is a cute little girl who looks more like a cherubic ingénue than the alluring "exotic" she has been painted. Her figure is not unlike Sylvia Sidney's—proof that curves are coming back. You'll be hearing more about Sari, who has made a terrific hit with the press. Most of the boys and girls like her better than any of the recent importations. Most of the boys think she looks awfully cuddlesome.

MONA MARIS and Clarence Brown have apparently checked out on their romance after a two-year "engagement," including wedding bell rumors and a diamond ring. Mona still has the ring, so it couldn't have been originally intended for the fourth finger after all.

There is talk that Mona will probably go to New York in the early Spring to try her luck on the stage.

In the meantime, Director Brown's latest rumor is Dorothy Burgess.

TALABIRELL, Universal's offering upon the altar of the "exotics," is unique in that she is not a follower of the great Garbo. Tala thinks Helen Hayes is the finest actress on stage or screen and if she could get rôles like Helen's, she would let the Garbo clan go their glamorous way.

But Tala is going to suffer comparison to Garbo, whether or not she wants it. For one thing, her figure is similar to the famous Swede's—and she has the same manner of carriage.

SPEAKING of comparisons, there is just a little bit too much of the Constance Bennett motif in Carole Lombard's new gowns and photographs. Maybe it is unintentional, but it looks as though Carole were trying very hard to look like Constance from her sweeping hairline to her wide, generous mouth.

Carole is too interesting and individual to suffer such continued comparison with another big star.

WHAT a treat it is for a lucky scribe to be allowed a peek onto the well-guarded "Grand Hotel" set out at M-G-M. Edmund Goulding was kind enough to call off the cops at the door of the set the other day and allow us to glimpse the making of a great scene from that picture.



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STATE ORIGINAL COLOR  
OF HAIR



Joan Crawford and Lionel Barrymore, as *John* and *Kringelein* respectively, were enacting a highly dramatic scene from the end of the story where the pitiful accountant asks the little stenographer to share the rest of his brief life. Both Barrymore and Joan were superlative. We've often heard the tale of tears coming to the eyes of the hard-boiled "crew" as they watched a scene, but we've never seen it until this day.

"Jeez," breathed one of the technical boys after watching the scene, "if Crawford don't accept that guy, I'm going away with him myself. If Barrymore keeps up like this all through the picture, I'm goin' to be all torn up."

Mr. Goulding tells us that calm reigns supreme on this set of many stars—Garbo, the two Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Lewis Stone and others. All the bickering was done *before* the picture went into production. Probably one of these performances will turn out to be the best of the year. We've already placed our bet on Lionel.

WE'VE often wondered why some of the stars did not move into their elaborate bungalow suites on the studio lots. Most of the little cottages are as pretty and comfortable as a New York penthouse.

But so far as we know, Ruth Chatterton is the first star actually to take up residence on a studio lot during the filming of a picture.

Ruth has moved bag-and-baggage into her lovely bungalow on the First National lot and is having a lot of fun inviting friends to motor through the studio gates to dine with her. The other night she gave an informal card party. But *la* Chatterton says her evening entertainments will be few and far between, as she moved into the bungalow primarily to save her strength, rest, and retire early.

Ralph Forbes (the husband) is developing into a midnight prowler about the Burbank Studio.

LINDA WATKINS, who made a couple of pictures for Fox and who was one of the Fox "privately promoted" Deb Stars, has just about decided to check out on her career in favor of matrimony.

Miss Watkins and Gabriel Hess, prominent film attorney, were recently married in Chicago on their way to New York.

Linda has written friends that she doesn't want to be one of those commuting wives, and, if staying in New York with her husband means the end of her Hollywood career—well, that's just too bad for the career. The Hesses have taken a penthouse overlooking the East River.

PATSY RUTH MILLER is having more than her share of boat travel. Patsy had no more than returned from a sea voyage to the South Seas when she decided to accompany her husband, Tay Garnett, through the Panama Canal to New York.

The pretty little Miller girl says Europe is the only thing left. That's a hint, Tay!

JANET GAYNOR is back in town and glad of it. She was seriously ill with the "flu" during her stay in Rome.

This must have been a keen disappointment to Janet, as she told us just before she left Hollywood that she looked forward to her visit to Rome more than any other European city.

Rome was also the favorite city of Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli when they were in Europe, and they had told Janet so much about it, she was doubly eager to visit there.

## WARNED IN THE NICK OF TIME ..by ALBERT DORNE

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NEVER SUSPECTED WHY



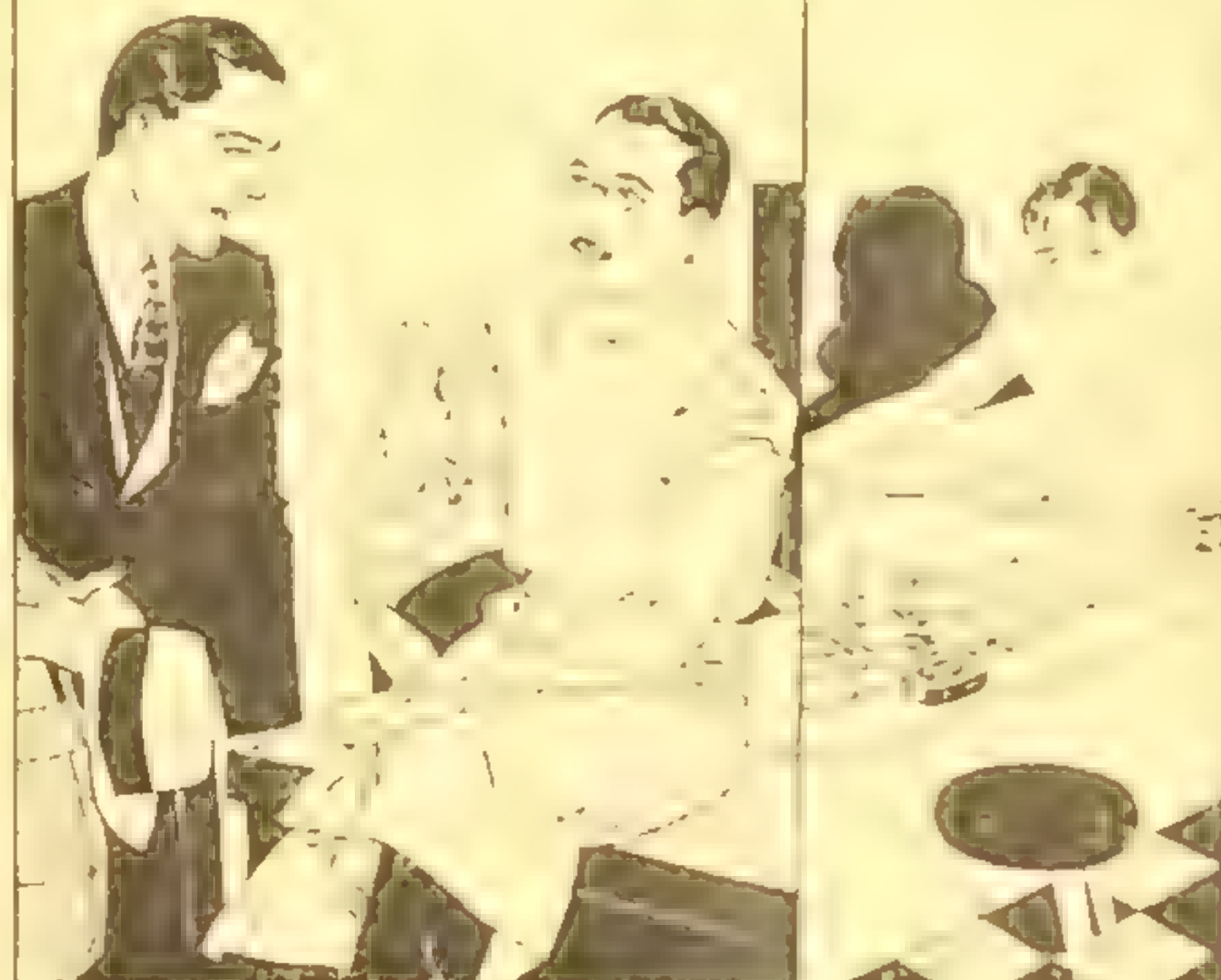
MEN AT THE OFFICE FOUND HIM CAPABLE  
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MIRIAM HOPKINS, pet and pride of Paramount, earned herself a little vacation after completing her new picture with Jack Oakie.

All her life Miriam has wanted to visit San Francisco. It is the one interesting American city she has never seen.

So on the spur of the moment Miriam, her maid, two trunks and four valises took the train to the town on the Bay.

It seems that San Francisco was just as anxious to see Miriam Hopkins. Two hours after her arrival became known, she had received ten baskets of flowers and a raft of telephone calls and interviewers.

IF Virginia Bruce keeps up in her present fashion, she is going to give Mary Brian a run for her "popular girl" honors. We've already mentioned that Jack Oakie finds the blonde Virginia a most attractive dinner partner—and on the nights when Jack isn't hanging on her telephone—Billy Bakewell is!

A year ago, Virginia was a glorified extra girl in Hollywood and none of the eager young men seemed to know she existed. But Virginia went to New York and the Follies—and now everything is just lots of fun in Hollywood.

Being in the Follies certainly seems to make a girl's stock go up.

HIS success in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has agreed with Fredric March. Freddy used to be a quiet, retiring young man, but lately he has blossomed out as a wisecracker with the best of them.

For one thing, he used to feel ill-at-ease and nervous at the prospect of meeting an interviewer or newspaperman. Now he's the buddy of all the visiting scribes who can get past the Paramount policeman.

HERE'S a funny one for you:

The other afternoon Ann Meredith's Beauty Parlor was crowded with film celebrities. In one booth Ruth Chatterton was having her nails manicured. And Joan Bennett was having her hair clipped at the barber's. Joan Blondell was reading a magazine in the "dryer room." Carmel Myers was waiting a moment for the hour of her appointment. Evelyn Brent was having her hair water-waved. Evalyn Knapp had just arrived. Yet in spite of all this movie glory, under one beauty roof, work was going on pretty much the same. No extra excitement, if you know what I mean.

Suddenly, and without a previous appointment, Mary Roberts Rinehart arrived and asked for an appointment to have her hair clipped. As the famous novelist was ushered into a booth, the entire shop went into a frenzy. Even the famous movie stars were not above attempting to peek in at Mrs. Rinehart as they went past her booth. Such is fame in Hollywood! America's highest-paid woman writer was in Hollywood on a visit to her son, who is under contract, as a scenario writer, to Paramount.

SAW Marlene Dietrich on the Paramount lot the other morning and just why Marlene doesn't enjoy the reputation of "the best-dressed woman in Hollywood" we've never been able to figure out. She was wearing a stunning black velvet street dress with a dainty lace collar at the throat. Her hat was black—one of those very perky affairs that shadow one eye. About her shoulders she wore two beautiful silver foxes. On Park Avenue Marlene would have been a riot. In Hollywood she was a bit too conservative, perhaps?

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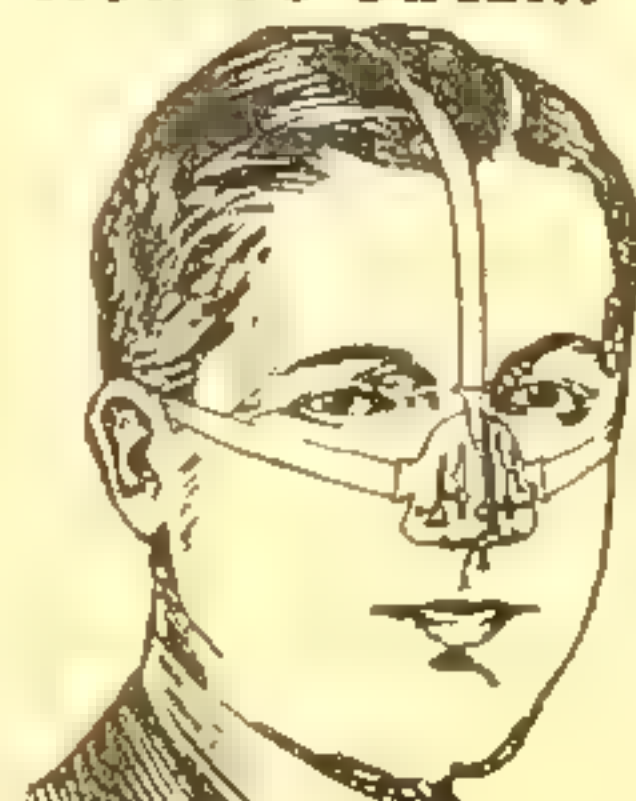
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**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.** is going to do the French version of Joe E. Brown's picture, "Local Boy Makes Good"—only Doug is going to make it under its original title, "The Poor Nut."

If anybody told you that Doug could fit a rôle tailored for Joe E. Brown without the announcement from the studio that he was set to do it—what would you think? The French *must* be a funny race!

**ERIC LINDEN**, who made such a hit in "Are These Our Children?" is a strange youth. Most of the people who have met him can't figure out whether or not he is a *poisard*.

Natural, or acquired, young Linden is the incarnation of extreme boredom and listlessness. At twenty-one years of age he says he has long since passed the stage when he can "get a kick" out of anything. Maybe it's growing pains!

**DORIS KENYON'S** concert drew a lot of famous film folk to the Philharmonic Auditorium.

Estelle Taylor and Evelyn Brent sat in a box with the Frank Joyces, and at intermission Estelle was lamenting the fact that Doris' concert was probably her last social night for some time. She was going into the hospital the following day for the treatment of injuries sustained in an automobile accident. In honor of her final social fling Estelle looked exceptionally beautiful. She wore a green gown with a summer ermine coat. Evelyn Brent, as usual, was in white.

Eleanor Boardman looked particularly smart in black with a very tricky dinner hat—the transparent brim forming a veil-effect over her eyes.

Leatrice Joy, also in black, was with her new husband (William S. Hook) and with Mrs. Conrad Nagel, who was wearing her favorite shade of flame.

If Lil Dagover does return to American films, they will not be made at the Warner Brothers studio! The most polite reports on Lil's first starring venture are that "it didn't do so well." In spite of this, we hear that another large Hollywood company is dickering for Lil, believing that "The Woman from Monte Carlo" was a bad choice in story material for the European charmer.

**UNIVERSAL** is paging Corinne Griffith to come back to Hollywood and make a picture. Whether or not Corinne, who is enjoying a highly interesting social life in London, will accept remains to be seen.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., says that after several years of experiment in the talkies, this one fact is becoming more and more apparent:

All the diction and technical ability in the world won't make up for the loss of a pretty face in the movies. The talkies have produced many splendid actresses who are admired and respected by the public—but they have not earned the fan enthusiasm that formerly went to the beautiful ladies.

This should be good news to a great many beauties enjoying temporary "retirement."

**JACK OAKIE** is developing into a first-class definition of a "Young Man About Town." Jack has always been a very companionable youth, but lately he has developed a yen for night-clubs and bright lights and very swagger new clothes. What's more, he has a chauffeur whose job it is "to sleep all day and stay up all night."

Along about midnight, Jack was quite the life of the party at the reception given by Nancy Smith for the James Gleasons, following the opening of their show, "The Fall

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In response to popular request, Philip Morris announces a **MARLBORO PRIZES FOR DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING** CONTEST

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Color of your hair?....

Guy." The Oakie boy alternated some very funny clowning with some gags that grew a little raw as his enthusiasm mounted. Did we see Mary Brian (who attended with Russell Gleason) and Joan Marsh (who came with Jack) blushing once or twice, or was it merely the lighting effects?

**R**ONALD COLMAN will meet the Richard Barthelmesses in the Orient before returning to Hollywood. If possible, Dick and Ronnie are planning to find some comparatively safe place to leave Mrs. Barthelmess, while they take a run over into Shanghai (the city—not to be confused with the gesture or the express) and see what all the shooting's about.

**Z**ASU PITTS and Tom Gallery have finally come to a definite parting of the ways. For years Zasu and Tom have been living apart and it is believed that their greatest wish was to avoid actual divorce if possible.

Zasu told the judge that Gallery had left her November 24, 1926 and that he had refused to return to their home. Upon the charge of desertion she asks the custody of their own child, Ann, aged 9, and an adopted son, Don Mike Gallery, also 9, who was the adopted son of the late Barbara La Marr. Immediately upon filing suit the screen comedienne left on a trip.

**J**UST a stray thought of our own: Wonder whose idea it is, putting Clark Gable in minister rôles?

**A**LL the Hollywood chatter writers are complaining about the "happy endings" of several feuds which have, heretofore, kept the colony buzzing with interest.

Gloria Swanson is married to Michael Farmer and Connie Bennett is very happy with the Marquis. This three-ring circus, which kept every local reporter on his toes, in order to get the latest development for the Dear Public, has settled down into a duet of happy domesticity.

With the marriage of John Considine, Jr. and Carmen Pantages and the coming nuptials of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, this famous triangle must be crossed off, too. John and Carmen and Joan supplied much lively gossip several months ago with their strange three-cornered heart affairs.

Charlie Bickford, former stick of studio dynamite, has tamed down to a contented lingerie shop owner.

No longer are the fans fighting over the screen supremacy of Garbo vs. Dietrich. They've decided they are both grand.

Now, apparently, everybody is happy and satisfied—except the gossip writers, who are wondering where their next "sensation" is coming from. Of course, there are always Lupe and Tallulah . . .

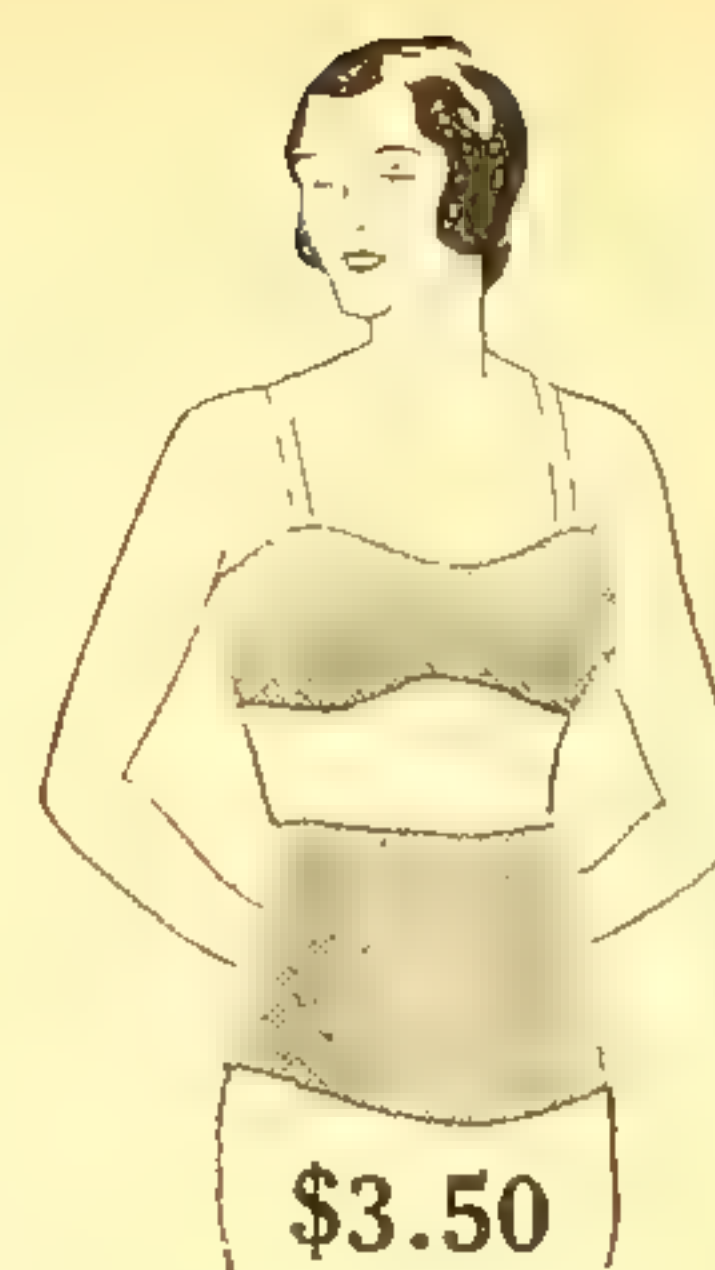
**A**NITA PAGE has just signed a brand-new contract with M-G-M.

Dorothy Lee is no longer with RKO. We hear that Mary Astor will soon complete her agreement with the same studio.

Myrna Loy's contract with M-G-M lasted six months. Too many other exotic ladies on the lot.

Marian Nixon is expected to sign a long contract with Fox.

**A**S long ago as last December, MOVIE CLASSIC ran a tabloid news story entitled, "Is Norma Talmadge Heading for Divorce?" and reporting that such seemed to be her plans. Recently, Norma made the front pages by publicly announcing that she was on her way to Paris to win her free-



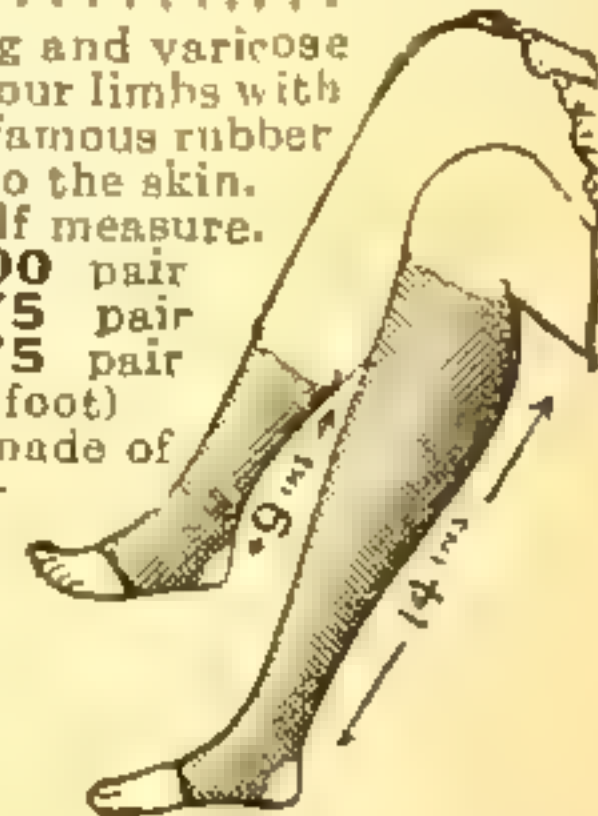
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9 inch. .... **\$5.00** pair  
14 inch. .... **6.75** pair  
11 inch. .... **3.75** pair (not covering foot)  
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from Joseph Schenck, producer, from whom she has been separated for five years.

The divorce, she said, was to be by mutual consent, and there would be a peaceable division of community property. Norma in New York and Schenck in Hollywood both expressed regret that their marriage had failed.

Norma denied that there was any other man—either Gilbert Roland or anybody else. Gossips linked her name with George Jessel, who was stopping in the same hotel, until they learned that Georgie is "still happily married."

**F**RRIENDS believe that Edgar Wallace had a premonition that something would happen to him in America. A few days before the famous detective-story writer left England for Hollywood for a few weeks of scenario-writing, he took out a special three-months' insurance policy. It expired ten days after his sudden death from pneumonia. He had completed six scenarios in the brief time he was in Hollywood—an amazing record.

**M**AURICE Costello, once the most famous matinée idol in the land and one of the first motion picture actors, but now better known as the father of Dolores Costello Barrymore and Helene Costello Sherman, walked into a Beverly Hills drugstore to make a purchase. Suddenly he collapsed, victim of a stroke of apoplexy. For a few hours, Dolores and Helene despaired of his living—but the grand old actor rallied and, as this is written, seems on the way to recovery. Hollywood applauds, for nothing so thrills actors as a winning fight against Death—a fight they'll all have to make sometime.

**C**HARLIE Chaplin, who has been skiing in Switzerland and basking in the sun of the Riviera, may delay his return to Hollywood until 1933. Meanwhile the returns on "City Lights" have already passed the two-million mark.



Acme

Did you recently hear Clark Gable on your radio—and catch what personality he has, even when you can't see him? Here's how he broadcasts at premières



## Once thin —easily tired

... now runs upstairs *two at a time!*

Read how he gained  
new flesh, new pep—*quick!*

**H**E KNOWS what it is to lose weight, to lose strength—to be threatened with a lifetime of ill health. His days and his nights were one long nightmare of fatigue. He couldn't even climb the stairs without resting halfway—yet today he *runs* up them—*two at a time!*

Ask this lucky fellow where he got all his pep. Ask him how he filled out his thin figure—put color in his pale cheeks. And here's what he'll say:

### Reveals his secret

"For years, I felt as if I were dragging a ton of bricks around with me. I couldn't walk upstairs without resting. I was always tired and discouraged and had lost a good deal of weight.

"Then one day I noticed an ad on Ironized Yeast. I decided to give it a trial. After taking the pleasant little tablets for several weeks, I am like a new person. I have gained 11 pounds and have fresh, healthy color in my cheeks. I never had so much pep before. Climbing stairs is a cinch now. I gallop up them in great style—two steps at a time." Mr. Leroy Leimbach, Chief Engineer, School No. 213, Baltimore, Md. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

### A money-saving tonic

In times like these, it means dollars and cents to you to keep on the job. You can't afford to be thin and weak—to have your nerves "shot", your stomach often upset and your complexion pimply. Be smart! Let Ironized Yeast help you back to winning health and energy!

It takes seven pounds of specially cultured "beer yeast"—specially imported from foreign breweries—to make one pound

of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. Concentrated seven times—is it any wonder Ironized Yeast brings such quick, sure and lasting results! This concentration process is so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironizing is the second great process in making Ironized Yeast. The dried yeast concentrate is treated with three distinct kinds of iron. This strengthening tonic element helps make weak, watery blood rich and red—enabling it to better carry strength and nourishment to the tissues and poisons and wastes from the tissues!

### Triple-tested

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous medical college.

**GUARANTEED:** If you want to put on firm, healthy flesh, to clear your complexion—to gain steady nerves, good digestion and regular elimination—try Ironized Yeast. If your very first package does not help you as it has helped *thousands*—its cost will be promptly refunded. **AVOID IMITATIONS.** Insist on *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I. Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

# IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder  
In Pleasant Tablet Form



# Hollywood's Heroes Are Baffled

## by Joan Blondell

(Continued from page 19)



### Grow— Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow! Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows. I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

**Over 10,000 Women Prove It**  
—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Heffelfinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa., says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says: "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

**Results Evident in One Week**  
In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen. Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$5.00. Order NOW at low price.

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Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

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Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.  
Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If \$1.95 sent with order postage will be paid.  
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THAT memorable night when she looked so different—so lovely. Her blonde hair glowed like a halo—sparkled with thrilling golden lights. No wonder she won him! . . . Any blonde can make her hair irresistible the same easy way. Simply use Blondex regularly. This special shampoo—a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a creamy, searching foam—puts new life and lustre into drab, listless light hair. Restores natural blonde color—without any injurious chemicals. Delightful to use. Leaves hair soft—silky—manageable. For real hair allure—try Blondex today. At all drug and department stores.

### Your First Impression's Wrong

JOAN'S very appearance, her conversation and her manner, on the screen or in person, bring up still other points not covered in her history, to add to the confusion. The mere glimpse of her charms would cause any real, two-fisted gentleman to exclaim in dismay: "That girl virtuous? Alas—it's a downright sin!"

However, it is Joan, herself, who explains all the seeming contradictions—not so much by words as by the way she treats you when she knows you.

She is a girl who has gone through Hell unsmirched.

"A modern girl isn't marred or morally disintegrated by unpleasant experiences, because she isn't taught to dread them," Joan explains. "A really old-fashioned girl would go to pieces in the first tight spot, because of her overwhelming dread of what *might* happen. The first touch of life destroys her moral fiber, because she thinks it has branded her."

Joan's life offers illustrations for the text. For instance, there was that dark and stormy night, down in Austin, Texas, when a maniac stole into her hotel room, with an axe in his hand. Joan first dented his cranium with a heavy lamp, then made sure that he was "out" cold, and last of all, fainted. The old-fashioned girl would have fainted first!

No one in Hollywood has heard Joan use even the most casual, conversational, harmless "cuss" word. Yet she stands by listening, without protest, to the best efforts of the movie electricians. No restraint is shown before her, and she has been seen to smile admiringly at a particularly prolonged or brilliant effort.

"Swearing?" Joan echoes in mild surprise. "Oh, yes, swearing. Well, it doesn't annoy me much. I've heard it done by experts!"

### Neither Shocking Nor Shocked

IT is equally true that Joan doesn't tell risqué stories. She is perfectly frank and open in conversation, but seemingly, there isn't a nasty thought in her head. Yet she listens, often with a knowing smile, while the Hollywood minstrels sing their lays. Nor can one detect in her face or manner, as she does so, the slightest trace of embarrassment. One fancies, however, that there are few subtleties, few clever double-meanings, that escape this cosmopolitan creature, whose pet pastime, between pictures, is to go off alone in a dilapidated old car, dressed in sweater and knickers, exploring.

Yes, Joan has been everywhere, and has seen everything, and yet has emerged utterly clean-minded! Or, as she herself would prefer to put it, she has seen so much, and been so many places, that *necessarily* she is clean-minded.

Her frankness is amazing. There is absolutely nothing coy about her. She is logical, natural, and intensely human. All the mean little repressions and silly bashfulness of the adolescent girl, it seems, Joan never knew. Perhaps that is why she has, at the age of twenty-three, a poise, a healthiness of mind, a confidence, and a moral cleanness that are the envy of Hollywood.

Her studio, Warner Brothers, is in a bit of a quandary about Joan's solitary, and apparently serious, love affair. After her stage success in "Penny Arcade," the organization signed her, put her into fifteen screen rôles of rising importance in less than

that many months, has just co-starred her with James Cagney in "The Crowd Roars" and now is starring her alone in "The Famous Ferguson Case." High hopes are entertained for her future, but Joan's regard for George Barnes, cameraman, appears to be one tiny fly in the ointment. George is a nice chap and all that, but the studio officials wonder what effect marriage may have upon Joan's career.

### What She Thinks of Marriage

IT is safe to wager that Joan's producers, however conventional *they* may be, have been hoping that *she* would not be too conventional in this matter, at this critical stage of her career. Being engaged to George is one thing; wedding him another. Ordinary marriages aren't news, and platonic friendships often are; but this is reversed in the case of film stars. Marriages are the sure-fire, world-wide publicity sensation; friendships are too common to attract much attention.

Joan doesn't believe that the public objects to the marriages of its favorites. Speaking in generalities, not necessarily of her own case, she remarks:

"What difference does marriage make in screen romance—when it doesn't even make any difference in real-life romances these days?"

That's spoken almost sadly, Joan. Almost as an old-fashioned girl—with modern improvements!—might say it.

"I sometimes think of life and the world as a huge, round honeycomb," says Joan with a whimsical twinkle. "Some of us wander around over it, poking into its cells in our search for honey; others stay all their lives in one or two cells, and spend their time giving the wandering ones free advice."

"Of course, it is those who go poking about who most frequently encounter the peevish end of a bee, but they also find the most honey. The ones who are stung last and worst, however, in my opinion, are the stay-at-homes who play safe and miss half of life. Giving advice on how to live to others is a sorry substitute for living, oneself."

"I've wandered, and sipped the honey, and haven't always escaped the stings. But I've always found that the honey I got was worth the stinging I got."

At any rate, stings of experience haven't saddened Joan, nor in any other way burdened her. She isn't afraid of anything—least of all, work. No one can be around her long without realizing that this smiling bit of feminine temptation is truly happy, healthy and carefree. Perhaps that is because she regrets nothing that life has ever done to her.

### Doesn't Regret Her Roaming

"I'M not sorry I spent my girlhood traveling all over the world in variety shows, spending my first twelve birthdays in twelve different countries," she explains. "I'm glad, too, that my education came in weekly snatches, from Seattle to Cape Town and Singapore to Rio, and that at the 'tender' age of fifteen I ran off to Australia on a cattle-boat, instead of settling down at a regular school."

"Everything that has happened to me has been good, although some of the blessings came pretty well disguised. If it weren't for gentlemanly mashers, for instance—and how I hate 'em!—I might never have had the thrill of 'socking' a man



on the nose. I can't regret being kidnaped and held prisoner by a passionate rancher, nor even the scare I got when a half-baked suitor courted me with a double-bitted axe—in my hotel bedroom at midnight!"

One's experiences, thinks Joan, may all be turned to profit instead of loss. This has been her philosophy since childhood.

"When I was in the 'Follies' another chorus girl once complained to me that her life had been practically ruined by the time she was eighteen years old," Joan relates. "I was all prepared to weep with her, when—imagine my astonishment!—she described experiences almost exactly like those I had passed through; certainly no worse. Just girlhood hardships and temptations.

"I could have kicked her! The very things I counted valuable lessons in life and living, and was glad to have experienced, she blamed for all her later misfortunes. How can you account for people like that?"

All that is necessary, in order to understand the Blondell paradox, is to see life as Joan sees it. "To the pure, all things are pure." What better armor of virtue can she wear against disgruntled Hollywood?

The more one learns to understand Joan, the more one would bet that the practiced woman-hunters of the film town can't get to first base with her. She has been too many places, and has seen too many things. "Impregnable virtue"? You said it!

## Clara Bow's First Interview Since Her Marriage

(Continued from page 21)

sentenced to prison didn't help. I was exhausted, bewildered. Every time I heard a newsboy shouting something, it sounded like 'Clara Bow.' I was utterly lost, hunted, terror-stricken. Rex was as kind to me as a mother, a lover and a big brother rolled into one. I left Paramount—and that was the best thing I could have done. Now I was free, and I ran away from all curious eyes, from all vindictive tongues—and just tried to be myself again. My morale was completely shattered.

"Later on when I felt better, I would have married Rex. But he wasn't working, and he wanted to have a contract—and some money saved—before we were married. He was afraid that the world would say he married me for my money. That amused me—to be afraid of gossip as mild as that after what had already been said about me! I was hurt-proof by now.

"But we waited—and Rex saved his money and was working right along. He told me that now he could pay his share of household expenses. I was sure that Rex was different—that he had interests in life that were worth-while. I knew that he would provide for my future—and so I told him that if he would put up with me, ill and nervous as I was, I'd gladly marry him. And now I belong to Rex wholly—forever! If anything ever happened to our love for each other, it would simply finish me."

Which might have been the courtship of a Horatio Alger hero and his home-town sweetheart.

### What Love Has Done for Her

"MARRIAGE has really been very good for me," she continued. "It has matured me. It has given me poise and assurance and understanding. Now I think twice before I do anything at all—because it might hurt Rex.

"Marriage has brought me a companionship I've never had before. Now I have someone to tell my troubles to—someone who is really protecting me—facing my problems with me; someone I can confide in. I've been terribly lonely—all my life—until now. I think that's why I've made



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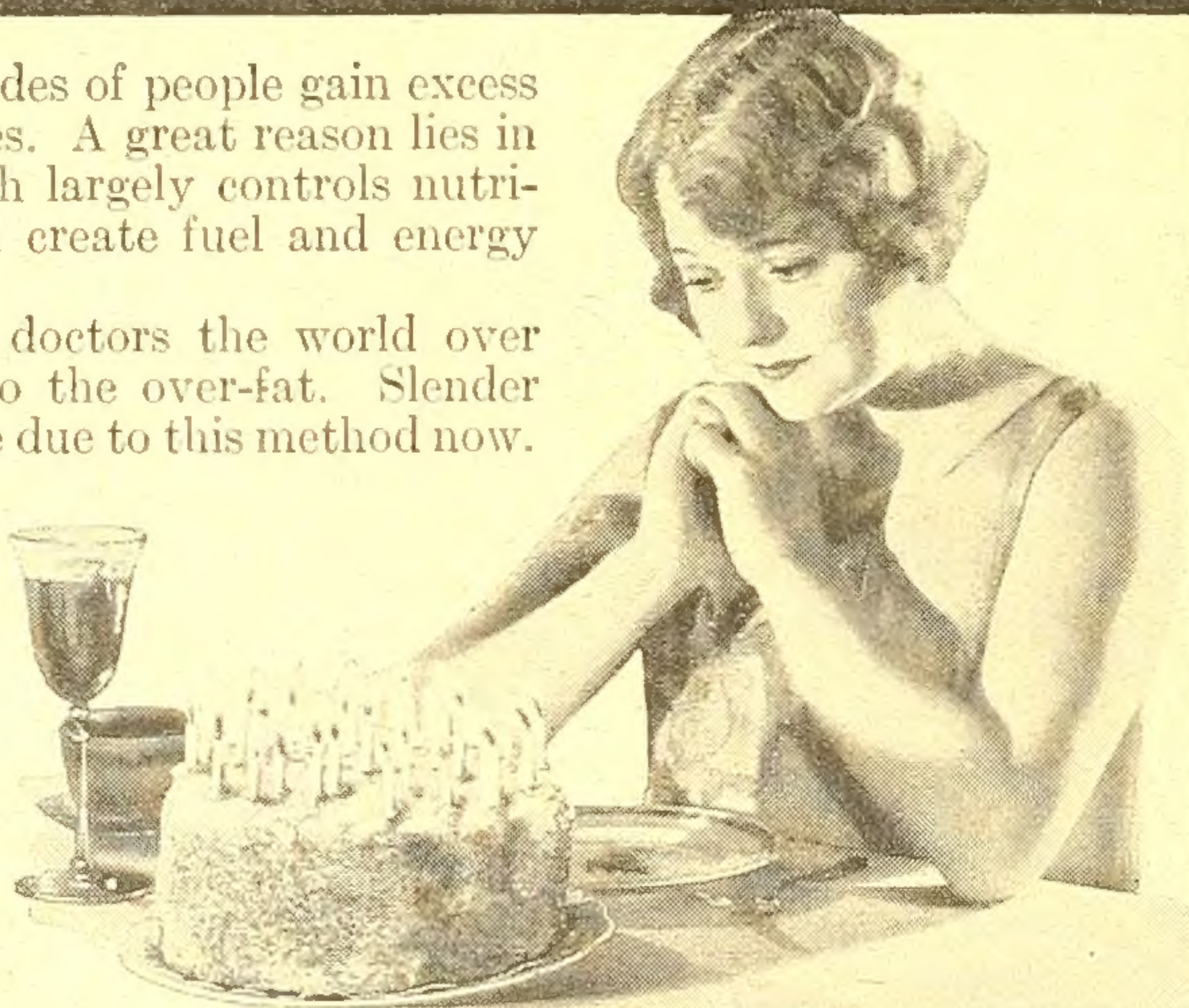
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some of the mistakes that have harmed me so greatly.

"I've never put a lot of stock in fame or adulation. I know that they're here for a day. Every person is a straw in the wind. None of us counts—for long.

"So what I want out of life now is something that will last. First of all—I want a baby. Rex and I both have simple tastes. We don't need or even want a lot of money. We want to settle down to a quiet, ordinary existence. A home, a child or two, a good husband—that's what every woman wants. That's what I want!"

Clara Bow's less domestic hopes are for one good picture. To that end, her days are now spent in reading scripts, in talking to friends and producers about stories. There is no truth to reports that she has given up pictures and will retire.

This rumor, like others about the state of Clara's health, has no doubt arisen from the fact that the newlyweds have been keeping very much to themselves—as newlyweds anywhere are likely to do.

As his wife's business manager, Rex Bell has turned down important offers from the stage, screen and vaudeville, totaling approximately a million dollars. Money is not a factor to either of them. So a twenty-thousand-dollar-a-week offer from a New York producer went by the boards, and flattering screen contracts remain unsigned. They both feel that Clara's next picture should be a perfect blend of suitable story, fine cast and good mounting. Tentative plans call for the organization of the Clara Bow Productions, as soon as story and business arrangements are such as to meet with the approval of Rex and Clara.

### Her One Big Ambition

THERE will be one picture—possibly two. In any event, only enough to give her a trust fund of five hundred thousand dollars, so that she can live as she wants to live—for Rex and for herself.

"And when I retire, it will not be because I am through, but because I want to stop. And I'll still be a star—but not a dimming star. I want to be remembered as I am now."

Which is to say that she will be young—as emotion-compelling as ever. Because Clara to-day is no whit less exquisite than when she was the toast of the world. She may be a trifle heavier because of her inactivity the last few months, but that is all. The flaming charm is there.

As a corollary to her fascinating new enthusiasms: "Rex is teaching me the value of money. He makes me sign all my own checks—and we know just exactly where our money goes. I pay half of all household expenses—Rex the other half. And pretty soon he's going to pay all of them."

She is the typical young bride, delighted with her husband's progress—dreaming of his future achievements.

"I've had glamour," Clara points out, "and it didn't wear. In marriage I've found reality and happiness."

As for Rex: "My object in life is to keep Clara happy. I couldn't possibly be happy if she were not." And again he will tell you: "I never had any worries until I took over Clara's affairs, but even worries are in a sense a joy—because they are for Clara. Her worries are my worries now, thank heaven!"

And yet again: "I married Clara because I adore her. She's not the red-headed 'It' girl to me, but a sweet, gorgeous pal!"

Clara Bow, the "It" girl, has come down a long road made desperate by mistakes and a world's cruelties. Now she is home—safe. Meet Mrs. Rex Bell!



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"I'm going to give you a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. You should know that Beech-Nut Gum between smokes makes the next smoke taste better."



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PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch" and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time



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